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May Churches

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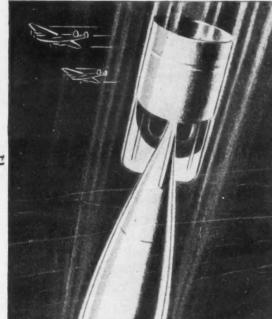
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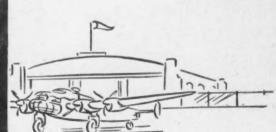
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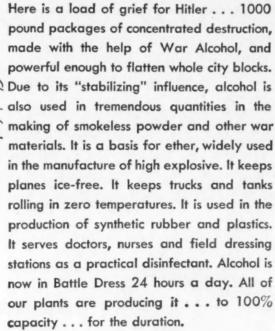
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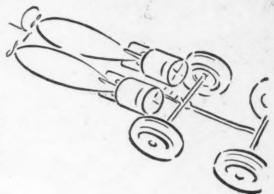






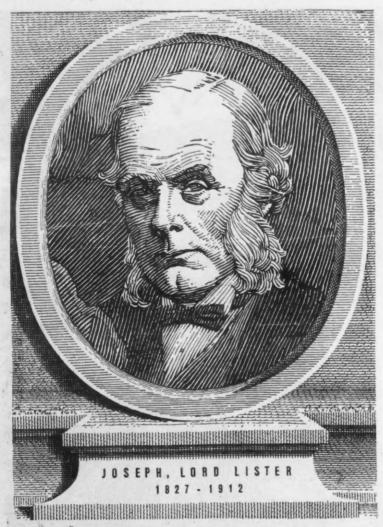
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THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT...

Trains—and how you see democracy at work in the day coaches that ply between Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto—senators and executives resigned to an atmosphere of fretting babies and pop bottles... The returning bomber pilot who ate 14 oranges between Montreal and Toronto... The cheerful courtesy of hard-pressed train crews.

Rations—the new ration books (surprise, surprise!), and the thousands of women volunteers across the country who once again handled the clerical work with the minimum of hitches... The well-authenticated story of the Chinese laundryman in Guelph who some months ago applied for a "small" meat ration card and, on being told to use Spare A coupons, confessed that he had never troubled to get a ration book because (1) he drank milk only and (2) his folks in China hadn't seen sugar or butter in years and he could do without, too. But could he have a little meat, please, because he was working twice as hard now, in his laundry?

Links with our fighting forces abroad. The noticeable speed-up in mails—surest of all signs that the U-boat has been worsted... The difficulty of finding foodstuffs suitable for overseas boxes... The stories brought back by returning veterans—the former high school kid who can now give a racy travelogue of Sierra Leone and Dakar; the Army captain's tale of a near-riot in the mess, in England, when someone produced a bottle of Canadian tomato ketchup. The bewildering restiveness of those who come home on leave or courses, and how they want to get back "there"—but SOON.

Books—especially Eve Curie's magnificent "Journey Among Warriors," which takes you on an exciting visit to fighting fronts and interesting people, but gives you much more than that to remember. Example: The proud defiance of the shabbily dressed Russian girl who stepped forward from among the group of factory workers and said to the interpreter, "Tell her we like working eleven hours a day!"

Amgot—short form for Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory, which we'll be hearing more of as time goes by. And how the moment has arrived when Ottawa and Washington should speak up, and tell the peoples of this producing continent that their cooperation in rationing and conservation here is vital to the forward march of our armies abroad and to the smooth functioning of Amgot. We've been sympathizing with the looted civilians of Occupied Europe for four years; the time has come when we can express this sympathy, practically and directly, by sharing our supplies of foodstuffs, soap, cloth, medicines, and so on.

Clothes—a crazy-quilt of bright colors for fall, because dyes are irregular in range and supply, and Fashion is determined to be the accommodating handmaiden of Necessity... Earrings and/or a flower in the hair—these are still the most important accessories, and good for age groups from 16 to 60... Another government-sponsored remake revue to start across the Dominion soon, this time featuring children's clothes exclusively. Dad's old shirt is going to be handed down to posterity but not in its present form.

Little things—like the unexplained increase in bird life this season... the unaccustomed smell of sauer-kraut from city cellars (one way of storing those garden cabbages)... the search for a good old-fashioned apple butter recipe along about now... the familiar, comforting bustle and stir of the house again, with the youngsters back from camp. Summer, 1943, will be known as the time the kids went away and Mother and Dad stayed home... and when one father, left in utter peace with his newspaper, suddenly exclaimed to his wife, "You know, Mary, there's the most awful silence ringing in my ears!"



ETH HATED to get up. The moment she left her bed, the day would start—the dreadful empty day without Tony—the harassing day with the new maid and the boarders in Tony's room and the querulous patients at the hospital, where she served as nurses' helper three times a week...

She rolled over and buried her face in the pillow, although she knew it was late. She hadn't looked at her watch, but she was one of those people who can feel the time in their bones—who awake on the minute every morning. "A human alarm clock," Tony called her.

All her life before this she had loved the mornings the beginning of a new day, in which something wonderful might happen, or in which something that was terrible yesterday might be resolved or seem less terrible.

Today, she would think, Tony may take his first step or speak his first word. Today the anguish of Robert's death may begin to ease. Today Tony may lick the bully next door. Today Tony's application for college may go through...

As she lay in bed, with this new dread of the day's beginning, she thought how long her anticipation had

By Gertrude Schweitzer

centred found Tony. Nineteen years. No wonder she for empty, now that he was gone, drained of all interest in the twenty-four hours that lay ahead. She could not even think, as she had in the months before last week, Today Tony may surprise me and come bome on leave. He was too far away, now, to come home—

somewhere across the world.

At last she dragged herself out of bed and began to dress. She applied make-up skilfully, examining her face in the mirror with a mechanically critical eye. Soon nothing she could do would hide the little lines that sprayed out from the corners of her eyes. "Lines of expression," the beauty shop operator called them. "Women over thirty should keep the face more still." Well, she'd be darned if she would go about like someone in a Benda mask, lines or no lines. Anyway, she didn't look like the mother of a nineteen-year-old boy.

There she was, around to Tony again. Inevitably her thoughts came back to him, like homing pigeons. How could they help it? When you've been widowed

at eighteen, left completely alone, the world, and then six months later your son is forn—and you only begin to become a woman as he is emerging from babyhood; you are still growing while he is, and there are always just the two of you—how can you learn to think thoughts and live a life in which he no longer has a part?

She went downstairs to a lonely breakfast, burying her face in the newspaper to avoid the sullen eyes of the maid. If only it were Lena, there in the kitchen! At least Lena would be somebody to talk to about Tony, for she loved him too. She had mixed his first formula and poured his first glass of milk and made his first cup of coffee. But she was in the Harborough factory now, her fingers that had been so light with pastry, quick and deft now with bolts and rivets.

I ena would have taken all the changes in her stride. She wouldn't have complained, the way the last three maids had, about serving meals at odd times to the young couple in Tony's room, whose shifts at the factory were always being changed around.

It was so impossible to find a decent place to live in the overcrowded town that Beth had considered it her duty to board someone, since Tony's room was



BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

third person sharing her life and Tony's. Tony was only a baby then, but already she had the feeling that he might lose out from the dividing of her attention and love. She had never really decided, though-and as turned out, she didn't have to decide. Larry never asked her to marry him. Eventually he drifted away from her porch, out of her days and evenings, until she saw him only casually now and then, usually in public places. There were other men, after Larry, who did propose marriage, but there wasn't any question of any of them. She got in the habit of thinking that if she had ever wanted to marry anyone, it would have been Larry-forgetting that he had never asked her.

When Tony enlisted, and she was eager to be in war work herself so that she could feel closer to him-feel that she was doing something to help him-she went immediately to Larry's

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office.
"Why are you coming to me?" he asked her in his usual blunt, unsmiling "You don't need me to tell you anything. You know what you want to do. You always have."

She wondered herself exactly why she had come. "I've been thinking of this volunteer work in the hospital," she said. "I thought you could tell me about it from the inside-you know, whether it's really worth while, or just another of these routine jobs that almost anybody could fill."

He regarded her quietly for a moment and she thought how little he had changed in all these years. He was as lean and hard as Tony, but with the tired, slightly hungry look of a man who drives himself and is vague about meals and never gets enough sleep. He did

not look particularly young, but then, Beth recalled, he never had-except for his eyes, which were still dark and glowing with some secret inner fire.

"You still run that dress shop, don't you?" he asked her finally. "How d'you expect to do hospital work? With your left hand? It's an exacting, gruelling, dirty job. Nothing for you."

An anger she could not exactly explain herself was hot in her throat. "Tony to herself was hot in her throat. is doing an exacting, gruelling, dirty job too. My shop can get along without me a few days a week. Where do I

He took up a letter on his desk and began reading it. "The town's full of posters telling you where to apply. I've never specially noticed them.'

"There's no need to be rude." She could feel the warmth of her cheeks, and hear the unnatural loudness of her voice. "I came to you as an old friend. You act as though-

He interrupted her, glancing up from his letter with raised eyebrows.

"I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "Good-by, Beth."

THE BOY with the broken arm reminded her a little of Tony. He smiled at her as she washed his face, but when she began to bathe him he looked wretched, the hot color leaping all the way up to his hairline.

"You—you're young, aren't you?"
he stammered. "I mean——"
"Nonsense," she said briskly, but gently too, because she could imagine Tony with this same absurd embarrassment. "I have a son your age."
"Honestly?" He sounded vastly

relieved. "That's funny, though. I can almost always tell. I thought you were young."

"Well-I'm not exactly old." She laughed, rubbing his back with alcohol, her fingers firm and deft, easing muscles that were tired from lack of exercise. "I was younger than you when Tony

"Is Tony a soldier?"

"Yes, he's a corporal now," she said. She saw the boy's mouth fall open in eager admiration, and soon she was telling him all about Tony-all the things she could remember that he would want to hear. "He's hoping to get into a commando unit. At home, before he enlisted, he used to practice going around the house without making a sound." She laughed, not at what she was saying, but because it was so good to be talking about Tony to someone.
"It was pretty nerve-racking for me, I can tell you, having him suddenly appear from nowhere" appear from nowhere.

The boy laughed too. "Gosh," he said breathlessly. "Gosh." Then he sobered. "You're awfully proud of him, aren't you? Some mothers carry on something fierce when their sons go, but I'll bet you didn't."

No, she thought triumphantly, I didn't. Tony would have resented any carrying on—he'd have wanted to get away from it-and so I put on an act for him. He'll always think I'm wonderful now, just as this boy does.

"Comfortable?" she asked him, smoothing the clean sheet across his

chest. He nodded, smiling.
Comfortable. But Tony wasn't comfortable. Maybe at this very moment Tony was in one of those fox-holes, cramped and dirty, with gunfire all around him, with bombs exploding near him. Maybe-

She thrust away the thought and turned back to the comfortable boy in the hospital bed. She wanted to ask him why he hadn't enlisted like Tony-what he was doing here, safe, while her boy was in danger. But she only said,"That arm-How did it happen?"

"I fell down some steps in the factory. Places I know, I never fall or bump into anything, but I'm new at the factory."

She stared at him. She reached out and held onto the foot rail of the bed. "What do you do at the factory?"

What do you do at the factory?", ...
"Right now I'm sorting rivets. I'm
ood at it too." His voice lifted proudly. I can do it much faster than fellows who can see. Twice as fast.'

IT WAS several moments before she could walk away from the bed. When she did she almost bumped into Larry. She had the impression that he had been standing there for some time.

"I had no idea he was blind," she whispered.

"You can get an education in a hospital, can't you?"

The words were conventional, but

they were edged with sarcasm. He began to move away. She put her hand on his arm, detaining him.

"What's the matter with you?" she blazed. "Ever since I came here-since the day I spoke to you in your officeyou've treated me as though I were some sheltered little idiot who was doing this for a lark. As though I didn't understand suffering or-

"Why are you doing it?" he broke in. She did not answer immediately. She

♣ Continued on page 42

WHO MINDS

By MARIANNA RAMSAY

ARTIME living is certainly full of surprises; new people, new professions and new sports. The new people are usually babies; the important new profession is babyminding, and the latest sport is trying to find a baby-minder. On any Saturday afternoon, all across Canada from the Maritimes to Pacific, you'll find young couples with babies engrossed in this sport. (And what young couple hasn't a baby, or two or three?)

Let us peek in at the Ramsays at six o'clock of a Saturday

evening. The scene is the bedroom, which is, fortunately, a large room since a great deal of action is now in progress. Mr. Ramsay is sitting on a bed grasping a nursing bottle in one hand and baby Robin in the other, trying to effect a merger of the two. Peggy Ann, the three-year-old, is sitting in the middle of the floor pulling beads off a string, and they are rolling swiftly into the far corners of the room. On the other bed Mrs. R. is telephoning for a baby-minder. She speaks to her husband in a voice which sounds a bit highpitched.

'Henry, what shall I do? Martha has just gone to bed with a fever and can't sit with the babies tonight, her sister is going to a dance, her brother Johnny hasn't come home and her mother is worried."
"What's her father doing?" asked Mr. Ramsay facetiously.

"He's in the Army . . . isn't that too bad?" replies Mrs. R. absent-mindedly as she turns to the telephone. "Hello . . . hello Mrs. Watkins? Oh, of course, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Watson. I have your name on a list of baby-minders-you know, to come in and sit with the children in the evening. Well, we usually pay fifty cents to high school students, but perhaps we could pay you seventy-five . . . you'd like to come? Oh, good. We want you at eight-forty-five . . . what day do we want you? Why tonight, of course . . It's too short notice? But we can't help it . . Oh . . . yes, I understand . . quite . . . quite . . . QUITE . . . yes, some other time perhaps . ." She slams the receiver down and glares angrily at it. "She doesn't have to give me a lecture, does she?"

At this point Mr. R. rises with a pained expression on his face.

At this point Mr. R. rises with a pained expression on his face and thrusts out baby Robin at arm's length. He looks around the

room, obviously searching for something.

"There's a rubber sheet on the back of the chair, dear. I guess you forgot it," says Mrs. R. as she dials again.

"Say he-yo on telephone," says Peggy Ann as she pulls the dial base off the table and drops it on the floor.

"No, no, Peggy Ann—go away, NO!" cries Mrs. Ramsay till

an outraged snort in the receiver reminds her of the telephone. "Oh, I'm so sorry, not you . . . I'd like to speak to Miss Randerson, please . . . There's no Miss Randerson there? Yes, there is, I know please . . . There's no Miss Randerson there? Yes, there is, I know she lives there, she's one of your roomers . . . Yes, I'd like to speak to her . . . (Peggy Ann, go get your own little telephone. Henry, you'd better try to get Robin's bubble up so he won't choke like that again!) . . . What? . . . She's just gone out . . . you didn't quite catch her? Oh, never mind, no message good-

THE TIME is now one hour and six telephone calls later, or approximately seven p.m.

The scene is the same. Mr. R. is trying to wedge the nipple with that last ounce into Robin's mouth. Unfortunately, Robin appears to have contracted lockjaw. With the other hand Mr. R. is trying to detach Peggy Ann from her shoes; but she is resisting successfully and goes away to pull articles off the dressing table. Mrs. R. has littered the bed with address books, telephone book and phone lists and some of her hair. She is still talking on the telephone.

"Hello, is Violet Bond there? Violet Bond. You don't know her? She's a waitress . . . you don't know the . Continued on page 45 empty, but the Fentons made it hard for her to keep help. And she didn't like having them. She didn't like their careful, whispering movements when they came in at night-movements so different from the hearty banging of a nineteen-year-old boy. She didn't like their genteel table manners, the few times she had a meal with them, or the bare impersonal neatness with which they occupied the room that had been a wilderness of sprawled books, discarded sweaters, flung tennis rackets, spilled pipe tobacco... They were quiet and polite, when her heart ached for the careless noise and ruffian manners of a boy not yet quite grown.

Beth swallowed the last precious drop of her breakfast coffee and stood up to go. She slung her hospital apron over her arm. Her working day was beginning.

IN WARD A a burly policeman with a bullet in his leg commented on her strength as she helped him to a sitting position, her small arm crooked in his huge one, his beefy hand against her slim shoulder.

"You're the little tough kind, ain't you?" He grinned at her as she straightened his pillows, and she smiled back, not really thinking of him at all.

not really thinking of him at all.

The tough kind. Well, she had been tough. There had been Tony to be tough for. She hadn't even been able to indulge her grief over Robert's death, for almost at once the little money he had left was gone and she'd had to go to work. You can't be pale and sad-eyed in a swank dress shop. You must have dash and animation and the vitality to stay on your feet for hours at a time, exclaiming with fresh enthusiasm over each gown on each customer.

The thought of Tony had injected her with all that. The need to provide him with more than just food and shelter—the drive to give him everything a father could have given him—every opportunity—had prodded her on and up, until she had her own gown shop, so exclusive, so fabulous, finally, that women paid absurd prices for her label in their clothes. You had to be tough to get ahead like that.

The policeman stirred restlessly, and Beth asked him if his leg pained him.
"Sure," he said, "but it's not that

now. I wish it was a Nazi bullet I'd had a chance to stop. It's a terrible thing not to be young in times like these."

these."

"You don't see how it is, Mom,"
Tony had said that last night. Mom. It made you think of a plump, middle-aged woman with rosy cheeks and flour on her arms from the week-end baking, not of young, slim, dashing Beth Reynolds who owned Renault's. But she loved it. Mom. "You don't see how it is," he had said. "I want to go. It's a sort of—well, privilege—" He had blushed, embarrassed by the possibility that he was being sentimental. "Kids like us, you know, saving the whole cockeyed world—smashing all the rottenness—"

She had stared at him in silence, thinking emptily of the silly things she had dreaded before this. His marriage, for instance—that he'd pick the wrong girl, or that she'd be jealous of the girl he picked and not be able to hide it, not be able to help acting the way she had seen some mothers of sons act to their daughters-in-law. But for this—the proper behavior for this moment—she had been wholly unprepared.

'Tony," she said finally. "I know you want to go. I'm not sad for you; I'm sad for me. I'll be lonesome at first." She had looked up at him then and managed a smile. "I expect I'll get over it all right."

After all, she had never failed him before. She could not fail him now, when

he was leaving her.

"You're tops," he had said, turning his thin young face away, and she had had a swift, odd moment of triumph, knowing he was close to tears—knowing he wouldn't have been if she had spoken the wrong words.

SHE CHANGED the linens on the policeman's bed, handling his leg with skilful gentleness. Sometimes these big ones made the most fuss, but he was all right; he was uncomplaining, even

Spence, who wrote weighty articles for the medical journals and made speeches that were always being quoted. The morning paper, for instance, had carried a banner line from his talk last night to a group of medical students who were specializing in bacteriology. "This is a day of action. Most of you will do your research not with sterile test tubes, within the quiet walls of laboratories, but in noisy wards and on bloody, gutted battlefields..."

He himself had been called away from the laboratory he had finally achieved, back to general practice. Beth remembered the way he used to talk, when he was very young, about devoting himself to research some day. She had liked listening to him, watching his dark eyes glow and his long nervous fingers move in strong graceful gestures. when he was amused or pleased, never just as a conversational accompaniment. He did not smile now. "The volunteers are a little clumsy sometimes, but they've brought warmth and sympathy into the hospitals—a personal interest in their patients against which the full-time nurse has to harden herself, or suffer too much."

He went on to the next bed, dismissing her, and she walked back along the ward, her rubber-soled shoes silent on the scrubbed linoleum floor.

"I do my job, don't I?" she said angrily to herself, since Larry had not given her the opportunity to say it aloud to him. "The head nurse told me I was the best worker in the hospital. You and your romantic nonsense! These people are here for skilled care and attention to their bodies, not for senti-

Most days remain at a dead level of unimportant routine, but occasionally there comes a day when the mere business of living becomes a beautiful adventure. This is the story of one such day that changed the course of Beth Reynolds' life

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES



jolly, over the pain. If they were all like him, the work would be easy.

Someone called to her from the end of the ward. "Nurse! I need you here." She picked up a surgical tray and hurried to the doctor, assisting him while he changed the dressing on an appendectomy.

"There, young fellow," he said. "You'll get your chance at the Nazis any day now."

Beth was always a little amused at his professional manner. She had known Larry so long that she could never think of him as the important Dr.

Something deep and serious in him had appealed to her—something so different from Robert's gay, openhearted charm. Larry had been a little mysterious, like a young man with a "call"—yet Beth had often thought that if he and Robert had known each other, they would have been friends.

He turned to her, now, moving away from the bed, and said, "You're the perfect nurse, Beth, do you know that?"

"Nonsense." She laughed. "A hospital helper three times a week is a different thing from a full-time nurse." "I agree with you." He smiled only

mental ministrations to their spirits."

It was strange how she could have thought at one time that Larry wanted to marry her. He had hung around so much his first few years in Harborough, sitting on her porch in the dark after Tony was in bed, telling her his dreams. Her phone would ring for him several times a day—patients who had her number along with the numbers of his office and the hospital. Everyone had thought something would come of it.

BETH HAD toyed with the idea herself. But she couldn't quite picture a

the most of their Political Equality

an important political force in the post-war years?



MRS. CORNELIA R. WOOD, Social Credit member of the Alberta Legislature:

With women's franchise came quated economic political systems vised by men who had held undisputed sway

required education both sides to make each realize both are needed in national housekeeping.
"Women have not taken full advantage

of political equality but many have filled legislative and administrative profes-sional positions with honor and credit to their posts and their sex. Women must organize the electorate to face facts as to why insecurity, fear and want exist in a constitutional democracy. They must accept their full share of responsibilities in the economic changes and social rein the economic changes and social re-construction based upon divine principles and applied common sense."



DORISE NEILSEN, United Progressive member of the Canadian House of Commons:

"Generally speaking, the majority of women have not made full use of their political equality. I do not feel that h worse than men in

lightly the responsibilities of

zenship.
'Women must begin to use their native intelligence and think for themselves. They must search for and demand the truth. By asserting themselves and as α right and natural thing, they should run all public offices and administrative

positions.
"In other words, they should cease to be shadows of men and become people in their own right, sharing the responsi-bility and accepting the challenge of the age in which we live.



CORA T. CAS-SELMAN, Liberal mem ber of the Canadian House of Commons:

"I feel women have not taken full advanof their political lity. We need tage of the need

m or e independent thought. The business nation is carried out through our political system which must not be dominated by partisan interests. Therefore, all citizens have a duty in understanding the conduct of that business. Legislation should lead to better home conditions. Prosperity should be measured, not by material wealth but by better housing, health, nutrition, education, etc. Citizens should be more widely informed; should scrutinize all business measures and policies in municipality, province and Dominion, in order to vote intelligently.

Non-partisan study and discussion groups
make for intelligent citizenship."



MRS. LAURA E. JAMIE-SON, C. C. F. member of the B. C. Legisla

To become an important political force in the postwar world women must (1) train themselves for public life at a high standard:

(2) learn by personal contact the condiunder which underprivileged women and children live, as to housing, nutrition and health, and also wages and conditions of women industrial workers: (3) study the social legislation necessary to alleviate bad conditions, study also the causes of poverty and the economic and political changes necessary for its elimination, study the causes of war; (4) realize that the present war is a revolutionary period and that bold policies for a better world must begin now; (5) become sincere and vocal advocates of necessary changes,"



HON. HARRY NIXON, Ontario: ex-Premier of Ontario: "The women of Cannot yet marked shown any marked tendency to take ad-vantage of their equal-ity with men in political affairs . . .

"Our women a greater extent that the privileges of full citizenship impose on them duties and responsibilities, and the greatest of these is that of taking a full part in our political life. Women can best make their contribution within the frame work of the present political parties, by studying public affairs and training them-selves for public office, and by insisting selves for public office, and by insisting on equality of representation at nominating conventions, so that their voices may be heard in the selection of the best possible candidates. They should be prepared to put forward outstanding and well-qualified women as candidates."



* COLONEL GEORGE DREW, leader of the Progressive Conserva-tive Party in Ontario: "Canadian women

could have made bet-ter use of their franchise during the past twenty-five years. So could Canadian men.

"For the future, women in Canada have only to remember the purpose of a free ballot and its cost down the centuries. If they do, nothing can prevent them being an important political force. "Political service is opening fast to

women who care to accept its responsibilities and take its hard knocks. lieve the future will see more women en-tering it as a matter of right and duty.

"On how best to go about it they nee no advice from men. They have only t carry over into peace the courage, in telligence and ability to work which they ave proved so magnificently in war.
At press time, premier-apparent.



HON, IAN MACKENZIE. Minister of Pensions and Health in the Dominion Government.

"The influence of Canadian women upon

Canadian women upon public life in the last twenty-five years has been comprehensive and profound.

"The best criterion is the advance in social security legislation adopted by both federal and provincial parliaments even though the full objectives have not yet been attained. On the other hand, probably more could have been done had there been more organization of had there been more organization of women for positive action. We have only two women members and two women senators. That representation should be senators. The mothers, sisters and wives larger. The mothers, sisters and wives of our soldiers must have a definite voice in the issues of peace and postwar rehabilitation, which will determine the Canada of tomorrow."



HON. J. JONES who HON. WALTER JONES who several months ago took over the office of Premier of Prince Edward Island, succeeding Hon. Thane Campbell. The new leader of the govern-ment is one of the most successful farmers

in that province; also author of a textfur farming.
Prince Edward Island women

achieve happiness, if not perfection, in their political life by nudging their husbands at the right moment, and by stimulating their minds and their ideals

and by rearing their family well.
"If one of our women were elected to
the Legislature, it might be embarrassing to the members, but it would probably bring about certain reforms.

"No major position in our political life has been contested for as yet by any



MRS. NANCY HODGES. Liberal member of the B. C. Legislature: "Remembering the valiant fight made for women's suffrage, I feel we have badly let our pioneers down. Women are alarmingly apathetic to politics.
"To become a strong force in the post

war world, women must waken to the realization that citizenship connotes responsibilities as well as privileges. They must first study problems of rehabilita-tion — think things through, and not look upon the passing of resolutions as the be-all and end-all . . They must look upon the passing of resolutions as the be-all and end-all . . They must support members of their sex who essay the difficult path of political life. Above all, they must exercise their franchise intelligently. I would echo what a woman said in the British House, 'If women were as well organized as the liquor business, the government would be on its toes.



MRS. J. F. ROLSTON, Conservative member of the B. C. Legislature:

"Canadian women, while enjoying their franchise, have sought political care

for two reasons. Traditionally it has been a man's world and women have been doing their own special job of home-making.

"Since the war womanpower, mental and physical, has made a great contri-bution. Women now stand shoulder to shoulder with men in many fields. Automatically, therefore, they will now take their places at council tables where

their places at council tables where peace, unemployment, housing, nutrition and all things affecting humanity will sit. "They can make a contribution worthwhile if they put aside fears and inhibitions, and if organized womanhood will support women and place them where their findings can be implemented."



MRS. GEORGE BLACK. former member (Inde-pendent Conservative) of the Canadian House of Commons, represent-

ing the Yukon:
"Canadian women as
a whole have never
made full use of their

political equality, many not even taking sufficient interest to vote. "They can become an important political force in postwar years by informing themselves on public questions, deciding what is best in the interests of humanity and by their votes, persuasion and in-fluence, striving to make this a better world without neglecting their first and paramount duty to their husbands, families and homes.

"Single women have more freedom of action and thought but, save in rare instances, neither the ability nor the opportunity of publicly making their influence felt."



MRS. ANGUS MAC-INNIS, C.C.F. member of the British Columbia Legislature: "Since Legislature: "Si women got the less than twenty-five years ago, we have had the worst depres-sion and the most devastating war

wastating war in the history of mankind.

"To me this is proof that we have failed to use our political equality for the only useful purpose it has — the creation of a society where each individual can have an equal opportunity for security and full development.

for security and full development.
"If the coming postwar period is not to repeat the tragic cycle of depression and war, wamen must organize now to gain

war, wamen must organize now to gain economic and social equality for human beings the world over.

"Social planning and social control are the only guarantees of peace and of permanent equality for women."

Have Canadian Nomen made t

and how best can they become

unanimous! Remember? This is the way we campaigned in 1913, and (below)

Chatelaine asked these questions of a score of well-known men and women active in national or provincial politics. Here are their opinions - surprisingly



HON, IVA CAMPBELL FALLIS, Conservative, member of the Canadian Senate:
"One needs but to

note that during the twenty-five years since women received the franchise, only four women have been

elected to the House of Commons, and not one has sat in Houses of Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan and Maritime Provinces, to realize that the answer is definitely NO to the main question. "For the future (1) let us concentrate

an the election of women to provincial legislatures where is initiated legislation of particular interest to womenhealth, education, social service and pub-lic welfare; (2) let us practice team play. There is no more certain way to destroy effectiveness and hinder advancement than by lack of good will and who hearted co-operation among ourselves.



HON. JOHN BRACKEN, leader of the Progressive - Conservatives:

"Women are the electoral p the electoral power, yet not ten of them sit in Dominion and Provincial Legislatures.

"Greater opportuni-ties, richer, fuller human living are among the things we fight for, and modern social conditions require that the government concern itself increasingly with health, education, welfare, conditions of employment — all of which are subjects of women's age-old concern in the home and call for her active responsibility in the household of the nation. Women have gallantly shared war; they should share and influence peace to the degree they are prepared to (1) study pressing problems, (2) get right into the electoral processes of democratic government, and (3) offer and back well-equipped women candidates."



HON. ADELARD GOD-BOUT, Premier of the Province of Quebec: Canadian women are today being appointed to positions of great re-sponsibility, not only in Canada, but through-

out the world.
"This may be taken
as showing the respect and honor we have for members of the opposite sex. and the trust we have in their ability to cope with all eventualities in our Also, women's suffrage is in-Province. dicative of the driving spirit that animates

Canada.
"Women have always had a great and far-reaching influence here in every domain, educational, social, etc. Family life is strong and we owe much to the courageous women who, from the birth of New France to the modern development of our Province, have accomplished a wonderful task."



HON. CAIRINE R. WILSON, Liberal, first woman to be appoint-ed to the Canadian

"Canadian

women as well as men do not realize that citizenship brings responsibilities as

well as privileges.

"There is still a certain prejudice against women in public life, and those who are courageous enough to brave criticism usually do so on behalf of some particular social or educational cause for which they should receive the support of their own, see

their own sex.
"We are, as a rule, too easily satisfied with a courtesy representation on boards and commissions, and must by study and training fit ourselves to assume proper share of responsibility."



MISS AGNES MAC-PHAIL, first woman to be elected to the Canadian House of Com-mons, where for 19 years she was a Farmer member. Miss Macphail won a C.C.F. seat in the recent Ontario election.

"Women have never had political equality with men. The parties were run by men and they held all the jobs when women came into the picture. Since then almost all the safe nominations and the high-paid and powerful jobs have gone to men. Admittedly women have not high-paid and powerful jobs have gone to men. Admittedly women have not made the best use of what political opportunity they had. Many still boast that they have no interest in politics. This is almost treason in a democracy. But women put human values at the top of the scale, and since the trend of thinking is in that direction, women will come on faster in the postwar period."



this is how we went forth to cast

our first Dominion vote in 1918.



The airport was far behind them now. Elizabeth leaned forward in her seat to watch a group of laughing children spreading a picnic at the edge of a creek. This part of Canada, with its rolling hills and little streams and great old trees, had a beauty that was quite different from that of her home, Thinking of home meant thinking of Tim.

SHE AND Tim had grown up only a few miles apart. With red ribbons tied to the ends of her pigtails she

had sat in the bleachers and watched the lanky redheaded Tim pitch the high school team to the local championship. She had made a scrapbook of his many college football pictures that had appeared in their local paper. She had been sitting at the fountain in the drugstore the day Tim had swung off the train and walked up Queen Street carrying his golf clubs and a bag that contained, besides a brand-new engineering degree, a medal for superiority in architectural design. Later she had sat at her typewriter in the stuffy little newspaper office and written the story that announced Tim's appointment as designing engineer of the ordnance plant. Wherever Tim was, he was always one of the head men. It was just in the nature of things.

She had known Tim all her life. He had been aware of her for only the last six months, and the last three before she had come East he had been dating her with increasing frequency. In fact she had spent the last

three evenings at home with him, and on that very last evening they had driven to the grove at the edge of town and he had kissed her. It had been a very special kind of kiss. "Are you really sure you want to go, Becky?" he had asked. She wouldn't have been at all sure after that kiss except for the secret promise she had made to the memory of her brother that she'd serve her country as lone as it needed her.

serve her country as long as it needed her.

After she reached the training centre she wondered if he'd write, what he'd say. He did write and what he'd said she had almost learned by heart. "... Well, my little soldierette, things seem pretty dull around here now that you're gone. Next month I'm going East on an inspection trip. I'll do my best to route it through your town. I'm counting on seeing you then." And, of course, Elizabeth counted on it too. Counted the weeks and the days and the hours.

She raised up from the car seat far enough to smooth her skirt beneath her. She * Continued on page 30

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

HOUGH it was late September the rays of sun slanting down across the parade ground of the old fort were uncomfortably warm, and the groups of girls in uniform sitting in the deep grass shifted their positions so that they could claim the protection of the great elm trees bordering the square.

In one of the wooden barracks facing the parade ground Elizabeth Sharon, moving quietly, laid her freshly pressed khaki coat on her cot and beside it placed a clean slip and shirt. She rolled down her lisle stockings and from the trunk at the foot of the bed she selected a fresh pair. The trunk lid slipped from her hand and the resulting bang echoed across the room. "Oh, darn!" she whispered.

The girl on the next cot rolled over and sat up quickly. She rubbed a pudgy arm across her eyes. What was that?" she enquired with interest. "Mess

Elizabeth shook her head. "Sorry I woke you up, Ricky. I tried to be careful."

Ricky stood up and stretched. "It's all right," she said. "It'll soon be time to eat anyhow." She yawned and looked down at Elizabeth's coat. "What's up? Dress parade or something?"

Elizabeth smoothed her skirt over her hips and reached for her tie. "No, I'm going into town for dinner. I've special leave." She glanced at Ricky. The girl's eyes were round and bright, and they regarded her expectantly. Elizabeth continued her explanation. She had learned by this time that when one lived in an army barracks one told all. She lowered

her voice. "I've a date," she whispered.
"A date," Ricky squealed. "Lucky you." She turned her head slightly. "Hey, girls," she yelled, "Lizbeth's got a date."

THERE WAS a concerted move in Elizabeth's direction. A tall blond girl flopped on the foot of her cot. "Who is he, Lizbeth?"

Elizabeth began to hurry with her dressing. She twisted her curls into a neat roll at the back of her head. "He's just a man I know. We're having dinner in town. It isn't anything special, Lola."
"Where'd you meet him?" Ricky asked.

"He's from home."

"Imagine!" Lola exclaimed. "A fellow comes halfway across a continent to have dinner with a CWAC, and she says it isn't anything special." She whistled and the girls crowded closer.

Elizabeth bent over to tie the laces of her oxfords and to conceal the color rising in her face. "He just happens to be going through town," she explained. "He'll only be here a few hours. That's how I got special leave."

"Army man?" Ricky enquired.

"No, he's an engineer. He's working on ordnance plant construction."

She put on her coat and set her cap at the regulation 15-degree angle over her right eye. "There," she said, "I guess I'm all set."

Lola looked her up and down with a critical eye. "You look all right," she admitted, but that uniform's nexactly glamour-girl stuff. Personally, I think a little fluff and a few ruffles make a bigger hit with a

guy."
"Lizbeth looks wonderful," Ricky said, "But then," she sighed, "when you've got brown curls and blue eyes and a figure like hers, you look wonderful in

Elizabeth flashed a smile at Ricky and bent over to



Problèm: She wore a uniform, he was in civvies. The whole long future was at stake. No wonder Lizbeth fell back on strategy - but not the kind the Army textbooks taught her!

Staff Sergeant Sharol lets down her hair

By Valeria Winkler Griffith

make certain her stocking seams were straight. "Tim

has never seen me before in my uniform," she said.
"Tim," Ricky repeated. "So that's the guy's

"Better put on some more lipstick," Lola advised. Elizabeth smiled. "I think I've got on about all regulations will stand right now."

Lola grimaced. "Oh, regulations! You're going out

on a date. That's something else again."
"Yeah," Ricky said with an air of superiority, "and that's just the sort of reasoning that will keep you a

'non-com' as long as you're around this place."

Lola stared at her. "Maybe so," she said, "but at least I've got sense enough not to keep on eating until I'm the general shape of a butter tub."

Squelched, Ricky sank to the edge of the cot. "Oh, girls," she moaned, "do you know I've gained another

While the attention of the group centred on Ricky and her plight, Elizabeth pulled on her gloves, slipped the strap of her khaki bag over her shoulder and stole from the barracks. She didn't want to have to talk about Tim any more. She was afraid the girls would find out just how much meeting him today really meant to her.

Briskly she walked around two sides of the parade ground and headed for the entrance of the fort. She saw the flag fluttering from its mast and she straightened her shoulders, drew a deep breath and lengthened her stride. She hadn't really known how to walk until she'd become a CWAC. It was fun now. Her arms swung at her sides. There was no bulky purse to manage. She didn't have to duck her head into the wind to keep her hat from blowing off. Her stride was free and easy, unhampered as it used to be by shoes too high heeled and probably too short. At least the ones she had on now had been fitted a full size longer than she had ever worn. She glanced down at her shoes. They were very sensible, and nice leather too. That was the most that could be said in their behalf. Aside from them she was inordinately proud of her trim uniform.

It was a number of miles from the fort into town. Elizabeth thoroughly enjoyed the ride that took them past fields of yellowing grain, the airport, the long entrance drive to the country club, acreages thriftily farmed, the municipal water plant with its beautiful pool and gardens and finally across the lovely wide bridge into the city. There were shorter drives into town, but this was by far the nicest.

Today as they passed the airport, now so heavily fenced and guarded, Elizabeth saw a great plane drifting in to land. She could see the flash of sun on the propeller blades. Four of them. As always she wondered if her brother might have been piloting a plane like that when he had made his fatal flight. Jack could see her now he'd be proud of her and of the uniform she wore. He'd be proud that in so far as she was able she was taking his place in serving their

The project, the enterprise, the school self-governing organization, and the like, are based on the conception that a class or a school is a unit, and that the pupil fills his place individually in so far as he plays his part socially. The meaning of the social consciousness is apprehended when it is understood that the enterprise fails if everyone does not do his part, and that the club is ineffective if all the members do not make their contribution. Whatever the system under which we may live in the future, no one can doubt that it will be socially more homogeneous than in the past. To that end the co-operative procedures which are forming a large part-and will form a still larger part-of school life will make a real contribution.

It has been often alleged that the demands of the universities control the curriculum of the secondary school. In considerable measure this has been true in the past. For although the school might offer a variety of courses in addition to the academic, such as commercial, technical, vocational, there was the hope on the part of the parents that the consequently the wish that the academic course might be selected in academic subjects were of necessity those that the universities laid down for admission. But departments of education and school authorities have

son or daughter might one day proceed to the university, and preference to any alternative. The taken the matter into their own hands. Because only a small percentage of those who enter high school will proceed to the university, it is now considered to be the wiser course to plan curricula which will be useful for life, and let the universities take care of themselves. English, social studies, health, form the central core of the newer program, around which are grouped a series of subjects - languages, mathematics, Continued on page 71 science,

a better world comes from better men"

by Reid MacCallum

HE human spirit is most familiar to us as a set of needs which are not to be satisfied by any merely material object or happening. Not so with bodily needs: fire meets the need for warmth, food puts an end to hunger. But what contact with a material object could satisfy our need for companionship, for knowledge, for esteem, for security, our need to help, to be busy at something useful, or to express what we feel? This whole group of needs, covered by the arts, by science, by associations and institutions of all kinds in political, economic and moral life, effectively marks man off as a creature who, indeed, is unable to live "by bread alone."

The specifically religious need is for wholeness. No doubt there can be no total satisfaction for us; our different partial needs conflict and impede one another. The early martyrs to X-ray research, for instance, had to choose between their need for knowledge and their need for security; very often sympathy and strict justice pull in opposite directions; a man's interests as member at the same time of a family, a trade union and a nation may collide in various ways, and so on. Basically each of us is confused, inwardly torn and changeable overnight, as a result of these conflicting needs. And so it would be a remarkable thing if such a being could bring himself to unity by any effort of his own to be consistently single-minded; it would be as remarkable as if he picked himself up by the slack of his coat into the air.

This is why religious experience through the centuries asserts, with impressive unanimity, that to be whole, a man must be made whole, in a way in which none can make himself or another whole. Putting aside all the arguments from the order of nature, from a First Cause of things, and the like, all of which have a certain force, the most convincing evidence of God is and always will be found in the lives of the people who, like the blind man made whole in the Gospel, can say: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." They enter, as they must, the same distracting struggles as the rest of us, make sacrifices, forced choices, painful decisions, but they do so whole and in wholeness, with peace and joy in their hearts, with trust in the outcome however impenetrably hidden it may be. For such the religious need has been satisfied.

TO SAY that man's need to be made whole is his chief and deepest need doesn't sound like common sense. Three square meals a day, or the bank balance to secure them, or the power over other men which secures the bank balance come first; let them be starving, says the cynical wisdom of the world, and you will see how quickly men will sell their souls for bread. Not unfittingly, when a situation like that in enslaved Europe arises, these cynical "realists" are the first to sell their souls, and the ones to impose collaboration by force upon people who, because they are starving, ought not, on this theory, to show any signs of resistance whatever.

The example is political, not religious, but it already shows how spiritual needs such as the political demand for + Continued on page 70

EDUCATION LOOKS By Dr. R. C. Wallace

Principal, Queen's University.

F WE are to live in a better world after the evil that is rampant in the world today has been stamped out through the victory for which we are so earnestly working, we are asking ourselves what part education will play in preparing us for these happier times. And so, once again, as during the depression years, we turn our minds to our educational process. Are we doing all that we should to make the full use of the abilities of the Canadian men and women? Are there hampering restrictions that should be removed? Are there principles in educational thinking that have become outworn, and need restatement in terms of present-day needs? Is there unity of approach to the whole process of education throughout Canada? What kind of world do we envisage, and how should we prepare for it? These are questions that are very much in the minds of those who are concerned about education. I shall not endeavor to answer them seriatim, but I shall keep them in mind as I try to interpret the outlook in Canadian education.

There is the ever-present danger that we give ourselves over to the building of Utopias which have their foundations in the skies and have no solid footing on earth on which to rest secure. It is a pleasant exercise. It is, in a sense, an escape mechanism. But it brings its own bitter disillusionment, as it has done on too many occasions in the past. It is a sounder and a wiser procedure to build on existing foundations, which have been devised to meet practical needs and have the solidity of historical sanction.

Canadian education rests on such a basis. It has grown out of the special conditions of a young pioneering country, jealous of liberty, a master in its own house. In the English-speaking provinces it is rooted in the system of local administration which the New England pilgrims found necessary to adopt in order to preserve the democratic freedom for the sake of which they crossed the seas to the new world. Modifications have been found to be necessary, but in essence the method of administration has proved its worth on Canadian soil. With changing transportation facilities the areas of administration are now too small, and in several provinces enlarged school districts are proving to be more effective. But the principle of local control remains sound. Canadians will resist, and rightly, any

attempt to place the control of education in central bureaucratic hands. The vitalizing force comes from the people, who are greatly concerned about the kind of education that their children are to receive. We have seen too many examples of the growth of totalitarianism in other countries through the technique of controlling the schools, to give over to governments, no matter how democratic in purpose, a weapon which is insidious in the power that it confers.

in the power that it confers.

Another kind of educational system exists in Canada side by side with that which rests on the basis of local control. It is the French-

the basis of local control. It is the French-Canadian system, in the Province of Quebec. It is based on the principle that education and religion are indivisible, and must be under unified direction. The Roman Catholic Church maintains the indirect responsibility, through administrative set up by the Government, for the kind of education which is to be given in the schools; and the actual teaching is in very large measure in the hands of members of religious orders of the Church. As is to be expected, the emphasis is of a different kind; and in the higher forms of education under this system, linguistic, philosophic and scholastic studies have been given greater place than the scientific and practical curricula which have occupied an increasingly large part of the English-Canadian program. But in Quebec the emphasis is slowly changing. The practical needs of a province which is rapidly becoming of great significance industrially are the determining factor in the changes which are taking place in a system of education which has its roots in the far-distant past, and which has contributed its own particular values to Canadian life.

TWO TENDENCIES are clear in the modifications of curriculum which have been in progress in the provinces in recent years. The one has to do with the social values which the school may be instrumental in inculcating; the other is an evidence of the lessening influence of the university on the curriculum of the schools.

To deal with the first. There is a growing realization of the fact that democratic living is a co-operative enterprise, and that the principles of co-operation and of government have to be learned by actually practicing them.



"The important thing is," Rick continued, "can you spell?" He shook his head sadly. "No, none of you charm school graduates can spell. Call the florist and have some flowers sent to Mrs. Carter, will you, Helen of Troy? To the Lennox. Something for a birthday. Tell them to get them right out?"

Martha put her things away. She wrinkled up her nose at him in a little flash of spirit. "I can, too, spell, Popocatepetl: P-o-p-o-c-a-t-..." She walked across the room with a certain deliberation which made sure her figure in its sleek-fitting silk jersey was displayed to advantage. "Oh, well," she said airily, "there's always the dictionary."

"If you can find the word in the dictionary." His

tone left room for doubt.
"Just the same," Trudy thought, "he knows she's in the room."

"Shall I have them include a message for your wife, Mr. Carter?" Martha asked. "I always think it's more fun to find a card with flowers and I know that women, most women, I mean, feel the same and maybe your wife would like a note or something, birthday greetings, you know, and

Trudy watched that with detachment. She had wondered about that for a long time herself. "And Martha rattles on and finds out whether he's married before she's been in the room ten minutes. Eve

couldn't have done it better."

Rick, however, did not underestimate her. "Well, infant, just so you can sleep nights, I have no wife. Those are for my mother."

IN ANOTHER ten minutes he and Martha were working at the same desk. Martha's glances at him were frequent and they were not quite chumminess and not quite impudence, but a mixture of both. They did not, apparently, displease him.

They worked steadily. Trudy with her usual

They worked steadily. Trudy with her usual efficiency, Martha doing odd jobs in her usual impul-

Like a who-dun-it story? Try this—and keep your eye on Blueprint No. 13 and the three persons who didn't mind working after hours

she passed her notes, reminding her to call numbers that had been busy. Once she retyped a badly done letter. With some grimness she signalled Martha to tidy up the desk which fast was becoming a welter of miscellany. Finally she gave it up and did it herself, Rick merely grunting as she worked around him. Then she returned to her own desk.

There was something about Rick Carter that made her hate her job. He had a lean pleasant face with just enough flesh over the good bony structure to show that he was fit and very masculine. He was everything Trudy's Prince Charming always had been, only he was

not her Prince Charming.

"Not with girls like Martha around," she thought, a little sharply. She herself had a tanned face, clear cut and nice enough, and lustrous midnight hair drawn into a swirl at the back of a well-shaped head. Sho was neat and industrious and efficient. She could spell. And never once had Rick called her a charm school graduate. Or Helen of Troy. "Funny-Puss" was as near as he had come to that.

At six he leaned back and rubbed his hands briskly. "Now for the rest of the blueprints," he said. "Get those letters out right away. Then you can help me check."

Martha protested. "But it's six-three now and I really do have a dinner engagement. Anyway, I don't know a thing in the world about blueprints, really I

"Then you'll have to learn, Cleopatra," he said. "And I'll feed you myself if you must eat, then I'll know I'll get you back. We're going to be ready for the morning shift or I'll know why. Back in a minute." He went out.

Martha was plainly thrilled. "Isn't he the bestlooking thing you ever saw, Trudy? Did you notice how his hair curls ever so little? and . . . oh, my goodness, I've got to call Bob right this minute. He'll be furious, simply fit to be tied!"

She called a number on the inter-office phone. "Bob? This is Martha . . . No . . . no, I'm sorry, but I have to work for Mr. Carter tonight . . . Yes, I know . . . yes, it is a shame . . but he's the boss, Bob . . well, you'll just have to call up the folks and tell them I can't go . . . I simply can't risk my job when we're just buying the house and all . . ."

She chattered on until Trudy wanted to scream. Bob, obviously, was not to be placated easily. "Well, the deed is ready and they're going to make the down payment. Take them over to the lawyer's office, will you, Bob, because the buses are so crowded . . . yes, it's on Thirteenth Street, Mother knows where . . Yes, I have enough gas, I think . . . stop and get the car keys, will you? . . . All right, Bob . . . all right . . . but you know how it is with we girls . . . yes, tomorrow . . . I promise, really I do . . ."

tomorrow . . I promise, really I do . . "
"Well!" Trudy said, when she finally had finished,
"I take it Bob isn't pleased!"
"Oh, well . . " Martha shrugged that off as she

fished in her bag for her keys. "Here they are! Goodness, what a lot of junk I . Continued on page 18



HUNNU-PUSS

Mildred Foulke Meese
ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY RAINNIE

THE four o'clock shift had just got thoroughly

under way.

Already the blue night lights were turned on and planes were hovering over the dark shadows they made along the triple assembly lines. Across the far reaches of the plant there came the raucous and endless insistence of the riveting. It was a world at work.

But Trudy Hall was not deceived by this facile appearance of efficiency. She knew everything was not as it should be. She was aware that there were delays, sethacks in little things that marred progress toward the goal of superproduction. It was her job to know it. And to find out why. Well, she had failed. But at least Rick Carter was not implicated. Or she guessed he wasn't.

"Get a girl from the office pool and we'll finish tonight," he had said. And when she would have used the inter-office telephone, he had added with a sharp insistence unlike his usually pleasant manner, "Go yourself and pick a good one." Had he been trying to get her out of the office? She thought he had been-he had made several attempts at that-and it

troubled her.

"For heaven's sake, Trudy," yawned one of the girls waiting for assignments in the pool office, "don't plunge us into hard labor at this ungodly hour. Have a

They all groaned, all but Martha. She sent Trudy a mall glance of appeal. "Take me, Trudy," the small glance of appeal.

glance said.

Trudy sighed. "Martha's cute and flip and a little fresh," she thought, "but she doesn't mind work and she does need her job." She tried to harden her heart. Too often they all had covered for Martha, who always was rushing off, leaving things unfinished.

"Oh, but you should see Trudy's boss!" There was something breathless in the way Martha spoke. "Could I go for him! I saw him just now in the drafting room—good-looking and so I mean good-looking! He's a combination of Clark Gable and Tyrone Power

"And you're the one to go and palpitate! Take her,

Trudy. Give the rest of us a break!'

Trudy hesitated. It would be Martha, the best-looking girl in the place! Why didn't they hire girls

with buck teeth and pimples?

"Not that it matters," she thought wryly. "He never looks twice at me any more." Not since that odd constraint had been built up between them. Once she had thought . . . well, never mind what she had thought.

"Oh, all right," she said. "Get your things, Martha,

and I'll be back for you in a minute.'

She went on to an office marked Mr. Buckman, Production Specialties. She was one of three people in the factory who knew that those production specialties were not quite what they seemed.

"I'm afraid I haven't found anything," she said bluntly. "We're on the wrong track again." Buckman's eyes were keen shafts of interrogation. "Nothing at all?" He added, "It's important, you

"I do know." She hesitated. There was that odd constraint and the persistent attempts to get her out of the office, but that certainly signified nothing. Probably Rick had felt her growing interest in him. Her face flushed at the thought. The change of color was not lost on Buckman. "No," she said. "Nothing

Well, go back and keep your eyes open. I still think we're right.'



He took Martha's coat and umbrella and put them masterfully away. "You won't need these." he said. "It's too hot."

TEN MINUTES later she and Martha entered the temporary office cubicle which had been assigned to Rick Carter.

"Well, I'm here," Martha said. She spoke with a little-girl shyness, standing against the door as though uncertain how to proceed. "I—I have a dinner engagement, but I'll be glad to help . . ." She broke off in confusion. "I mean, until . . ."

The lengthy and angular young man who was Rick Carter was sprawled back with feet elevated on the larger of the two desks. At this fetching piece of naivete he surveyed her. With no burning interest. "And what," he asked of no one in particular, "am I to conclude from that remarkable introduction? My child, you will break your engagement. We will work until we are finished. Stow your coat and umbrella in that cupboard and commence." He scowled at her from under the blue-black hair that topped his rather grimy dungarees.

But his eyes were appreciative. Martha was small and blond, and there was a froth of short curls around her head that gave her the appearance of a young and very engaging angel—except that no angel should look so thoroughly feminine. She was all the competition even the stoutest of heart could wish. Trudy did not feel stout-hearted.



Good food to grow on

... THERE'S LOTS OF SOUND SUSTAINING NOURISHMENT IN BIG BOWLS OF GOOD HOT SOUP

For years, wise mothers have been building hearty lunches and suppers round big bowls of Campbell's Soups, because they've known that here is the kind of food active youngsters need. And now with wartime restrictions to make meal-planning more of a problem, you'll find good soup on family tables more often. Schoolday lunches, for example, are bound to please and sure to nourish when the main dish is Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Youngsters

love the hearty taste of the rich stock so carefully simmered from fine beef, and all the tender and nutritious garden Vegetables . . . there are over a dozen different kinds, you know, from red-ripe tomatoes to sweet golden corn.

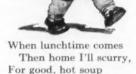
Why not make it a rule, this fall—more nourishing lunches and suppers than ever built round big bowls of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus · Beef · Bouillon · Celery · Chicken with Rice · Chicken Gumbo Chicken Noodle · Consommé · Cream of Mushroom · Mock Turtle · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot Scotch Broth · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetable · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable



Eampbells, vegetable soup

THE SOUP THAT'S "ALMOST A MEAL IN ITSELF"



In a great big hurry!

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS

What They've found out about Us

Shorty, the factory janitor, put it this way: "Dames is different." Production managers, medical experts, recruiting officers are pretty well in agreement with him; they say women make magnificent workers, but for best results you have to understand 'em—on the job and off!

By LOTTA DEMPSEY



We're now learning to eat for health and the job instead of for gaunt figgers.



If the children are properly cared for, married women make the best workers.



Supreme at such jobs as sorting and handling rivets, spot welding, punch presses.



YOU CAN'T do business with Canadians today unless you're fixing to deal with women.

With one out of every three Canadian women between 15 and 65 in the armed forces, munitions, or civilian services, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, women are in there pitching.

The question today, in this fourth year of war, is—what is the feminine batting average? How do we rate with the men on the job—or the ones we replaced?

Mother and daughter doing nicely, thank you, is the answer you'll get from those who are hiring women workers.

But Chatelaine wanted more than that. We wanted facts, figures, surveys, findings, opinions and data on women on the job. The married ones and single, in and out of uniform, on long hours and short, working for men and women bosses.

We got them.

First and foremost, we got the key factor in the employment of women, as every close observer, from top executives to Shorty, saw it. Shorty is the janitor (with feminine assistants) in one plant which has swung from a pre-war woman ban to an 80% feminine payroll. He put it most succinctly.

"Sure, women are just as hep to the job," he said, magnanimously. And then, with a warning finger, "But you gotta realize one thing, for keeps. Dames is different."

WE NEED handling. Soon after munitions plants began their mass absorption of women into man-jobs, they found that you need a different approach in directing women than you do men. Women will produce more at a higher speed than men in many fields; but they can't be forced or shouted at. They need understanding, appreciation, and a sense of the value and importance of their work. Some managers learned this the hard way—and it isn't for completely altruistic reasons that there are now trained personnel workers in practically all the Canadian plants where the 255,000 women in war production are

Nor are the armed forces fussing with frills when they install, as an important part of their setup, skilled psychologists to understand the women of the services, and help them to understand themselves.

"Get the right girl in the right job, show

Farmers report that girls pick fruit more carefully, with more skill, than men.



One finding: women bring their personal problems to work; take their jobs home.



"Not on the job today." Absenteeism is higher among women than among men.



How a woman looks is a matter of concern because it affects her efficiency.



her why it's a real war-winning job, and you've solved half your problems," one of the chief psychologists in the CWAC told me. And a successful personnel worker who has thousands of girls and women under her direction put it this way, "Women haven't evolved water-tight compartments in their minds yet to take care of the different phases of their new kind of living. They bring their personal problems to work and take their jobs home."

The Commanding Officer of a training centre which turns out both men and women for one branch of the armed forces told me he didn't realize how deeply girls felt about their work until the third time the medical officer came to him, saying, "For heaven's sake, tell this girl her marks so I can get her to sleep!"

Now he knows—and his approach is different.

This fact, and the one that women's skills and talents often lie in slightly different directions than those of men, caused some employers to treat their feminine workers as intellectually inferior, at the beginning. Today all successful directors of women on the job have learned that it's just as Shorty says. "Dames is different.'

WE'RE JUST as smart (or smarter?). Remember how there were always more girls in the top half of the class at grade school? There still are, in many of the new fields they've entered since the war. Here are some of the jobs at which they've been proved, by surveys of the field, to be superior to men: miscellaneous bench assemblies, sorting and handling rivets, punch press work, burring and reaming, spot welding, drill press operations, sewing machine work and hand sewing.

Checkup by a Chamber of Commerce in a large war-centre-city recently disclosed that the output of women and girls was exceeding that of men and boys on the same job in 25% of the plants.

A survey in U. S. metal industries found 65% of production managers reporting that the output of women was better than that of men. The National Industries Conference Board confirms this by showing that women's output is equalling or bettering men's in two-thirds of American metal factories.

Canadian plant managers interviewed back up the U.S. • Continued on page 53

She should never lift more than 35% of her body weight else her health may suffer.



THE "SUPPLY BOMB" shown above is loaded with food and medical supplies for civilian distress areas, or packed with ammunition to enable isolated garrisons to keep on fighting. It parachutes down from the skies to bring vital help when all other routes are closed.

The "Supply Bomb" is one of many war products being turned out on General Steel Wares production lines. Because GSW Canadian craftsmen are putting a large percentage of their working hours into making war materials they don't have time to turn out equipment for that "Dream Kitchen" of yours . . . not yet.

But even while they work to save lives and shorten the war, GSW experts are tucking away new ideas that will contribute to your better living after the war. We can't tell you about them yet-but you may be sure that the finest equipment in Canada's peacetime homes will bear the famous "GSW" trademark.

Keep your war savings piling up...

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Buy Quaker Get Quality!

Win family praise - with these two Quaker "flavour-favourites". Everyone enjoys Quaker Corn Flakes . . . their rich malt flavour, toasty-crisp, oven-fresh goodness. And for whole wheat at its tasty, tantalizing best-enjoy Quaker Puffed Wheat "Sparkies", the deliciously-different cereal that's SHOT FROM GUNS for quick energy, easy digestibility. For delicious breakfast variety have Quaker Corn Flakes one day, and Puffed Wheat "Sparkies" the next. Order both from your grocer today!

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Peterborough and Saskatoon, Canada

Junny-Puss :: Continued from page 14

do carry in that bag!" She laid the keys on the desk. "Oh, dear, I ought to fix my hair, if I'm going out with Mr. Carter, oughtn't I?" She bustled about. She got her coat and hat and umbrella from the cupboard. "I'll mail those letters on the way out. You're awfully nice to me, Trudy, fixing that letter and all, really you are. Goodness, I suppose I've got to put these blueprints away. And just when I'll only have to get them out again, too. There's just no sense . . ." She broke off as a knock sounded on the door. "There's Bob now!"

TRUDY JUMPED to her feet and followed. It was her job to watch those blueprints and watch them she would, even with a scatterbrain like Martha who impulsively had rushed to the door, prints in one hand, keys in the other.

Trudy smiled at the deep dejection on Bob's countenance. He seemed vaguely familiar, but maybe that was because he looked faintly like Hugh Herbert. Adoration shone on his cherubic face.

"But, honestly, Bob, I can't help it

. . you know how it is . . ."
"We girls!" Trudy completed, as she bent over the fountain in the hall for a drink. But she did not lose sight of those blueprints under Martha's gesticulating

Bob, dismissed, was very disgruntled. Martha fluttered back into the room in a dither. "Trudy, you've got to square me with Bob the next time you see him, you've just got to. Oh, dear, my stocking seams are crooked again, these new girdles! He just won't believe . . ."
"I'll tell him," Trudy said wearily,

holding her aching head in her hands, Maybe I'll nab him off for myself. A

plant inspector

"Is very dull," Martha finished, slamming the door of the safe on the blueprints which she had put inside. "At least Bob is. But he's a good meal ticket, and a girl has to think of things like that." She broke off abruptly as Rick Carter came back, brisk and fresh, in his uniform of Air Force blue. She stared. "My goodness, are you that Mr. Carter! I mean, Squadron Leader Carter! Why, I thought you were just one of those fresh young things who come in from Ottawa to make their reports and

"Instead of an expert sent here by the Force," Trudy finished dryly. Martha's flip manner was subdued to a most respectful awe. "And Rick doesn't hate it, either," she finished silently.

He took Martha's coat and umbrella

and put them masterfully away. "You won't need these. It's too hot.

protested Martha, "it might "But." rain and I've got a new hat!"

"Then we'll take a taxi."

"But

He paid no attention. "Come along,

"No, thanks," Trudy said stiffly. "I have an engagement but I'll be back on time." She was suddenly and vehetime." She was suddenly and vehe-mently glad he would be off to Ottawa the next day. "And I hope he stays there! As if I'd want that kind of an invitation!"

When they had gone, her thoughts went back to Buckman. She had failed him, she supposed, and she was not really sorry this time. Yet she had an uneasy prescience that she was overlooking something. What was it? She wrinkled her brow, her thoughts concentrated.

Then she knew. Rick had gone to the safe just before he left, ostensibly to put away a paper he held in his hand.

"But he took too long for that," she ought, perturbed. "And he took thought, perturbed. something from his pocket, I know he did." Unfortunately the open door had been between them. "I wonder what it

She crossed to the safe with a quick light step and twirled the dials.

Everything seemed in order. There were the stacks of original sketches, undisturbed. She took keys from her bag and unlocked the inner compartment where the blueprints were kept.

Her eye caught something out of line immediately. The drawer for the smaller prints had been left unlocked. It was

protruding slightly.

She shut it automatically. Then, with sudden impulse, she opened it again and picked up the prints, fascinated as always with this tangible expression of dreams on paper. Her father had been a plane designer and many a time she had seen his dreams come to life this way. To her experienced eye this plane was just as real as it would be when the pilot would sweep it into its trial flight.

"Maybe, with this new and lighter ngine . . ." She did not finish the sentence, even in her mind.

SHE STOOD frozen to the spot. She was staring at the blueprints as though she could not believe her eyes. Finally she went through the rest of the pile.

After a long time she replaced the prints in the safe. She pulled the + Continued on page 20

What We Have We Hold.

We're talking about war savings certificates and Victory Bonds.

When the order cames to attack, your husband or your son, and the boys
who used to play on the high school baseball team and drink "cokes" in the
corner drugstore—these tense, steel-nerved fighting men word.

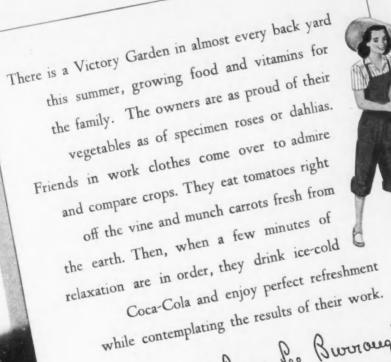
who used to play on the high school baseball team and drink "cokes" in the corner drugstore — these tense, steel-nerved fighting men won't lay down their arms and decide to call it off.

How about you—"us"—at home? Perhaps it doesn't seem of much importance to turn in a few certificates when we need some ready cash, unless we think of such war savings in terms of guns, ships and ammunition; unless we know that cashing in one \$5 certificate cuts off the supply of 165 rounds of rifle and machine gun fire; that cashing in three \$5 certificates means one less life-saving jacket on a corvette.

life-saving jacket on a corvette.

Right now redemption of war savings certificates is reaching the danger point. At a time when our soldiers are geared to the highest efficiency and in desperate need of the best and most war materials, we, at home, are taking three steps forward and one step back.

Our men are investing their lives in this war. Is it too much for us to invest our dollars and invest them to stick for the duration?



Hospitality in a Victory Garden

faura les Burroughs

Flower Arrangements by Laura Lee Burroughs, Volume #3-Suggestions for brightening the home with flowers and refreshment. 62 Colour photographs of flower arrangements . . . table settings . . . and ways to serve Coca-Cola. You will want a copy of this attractive book —so, send your name and address (clearly printed) with ten cents in coin or stamps (to cover cost of handling and mailing) to THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO, DEPT. CE.

Pure, wholesome refreshment

To stir Male Hearts... try my *W.B.N.C."



WOODBURY COLD CREAM



Rita's Powder Base is Woodbury Foundation Cream-for that well-groomed look. Special Creams you may need are Woodbury Cleans. ing Cream for oily skin; or Woodbury Dry

Skin Cream for extra dry or rough skin.

drawer out exactly as it had been and locked the outer doors with an odd fumbling of her hands, unlike her usual quick directness. Then she went to her desk.

She looked at the telephone. Then she shook her head, denying some inner command. She sat down. She felt cold, but her mind was racing, clear and

"That blueprint was checked, I know it was," she muttered. "I heard him checking those figures aloud. And

She took her keys in sudden decision. She unlocked Richard Carter's desk. She had finished searching it just as he came

He entered casually. By no change of expression did he indicate that it was unusual for his secretary to be rifling. 'Still here, Trudy? Thought you'd be

"I'm out of stamps and I want to mail these letters when I go. Martha

forgot them. Have you any?"
"I don't know," he said indifferently. Try the side drawer. And get me the Custer list from the safe, will you? I have to see Marsten after dinner and I

She gave him a searching look, but his head was bent over a notebook he was consulting. "I can't. It's locked."

"Well, open it, then, there's a good girl," he said impatiently. "I don't want to keep Martha waiting and these items have to be checked . . ."
"I can't open it," Trudy said stiffly.

"You've never given me the combina-

"Oh, of course! Never mind, I'll get it myself.'

A minute later the door closed behind him. She sat there, very still, waiting for his footsteps to retreat down the hall. Twice her hand went to the telephone and twice Rick's dark head intervened and she drew it back.

Then she made up her mind. She went to Buckman's office.

"I think I have something," she said.
"Good!" Buckman's tone showed no eagerness, but his eyes were intent.

"There were certain blueprints of the engine for the new plane. They were checked this afternoon, the final checking."
"Yes?"

"One of them is not the same. Another has been substituted for it."

"What makes you think that?"

"I'm familiar with the design and I heard the checking. There are certain tolerances that have been changed. One that should be .005 inches has been changed to .05 inches."

"I suppose you don't know what effect that change would have?"

"Yes. In this case the piston would be slightly too small. There would be a leakage from the cylinder head, of

"Hmmm." He thought that over. "Clever, aren't they? That would be a natural mistake for anyone to have made. If they were caught. Just a mistake."

"Particularly clever," Trudy said, "because the pistons are made at the other plant and the cylinders at this

He nodded. "The same old story. Just a little detail changed after the final blueprint has been approved mistake that would be discovered after a while but not until it had caused

delay. Dies and forgings and castings to be done over, material used that would have to be reclaimed. Time and labor lost. When were the prints checked and

by whom?"
"Late this afternoon. Rick—Mr. Carter checked them himself. I heard

His glance was speculative now as it dwelt on her. "I see," he said. "Who came in?" "No one. Except a messenger who

came no farther than the door. The rest of the time we were not interrupted, Martha and Mr. Carter and I.' "Who went out?"

"I did, earlier. To take some lists to the office and get a girl. And to see

He said evenly, "Why did you do that, Miss Hall? I've been wondering. Your orders were to stay in the room.

Trudy sat unwavering under his steady gaze, her cheeks hot. But she did not answer. He left it a moment.

"Who else went out?"

Should she tell him that Rick had practically forced her out of the office and that he had gone to the drafting room during her absence?

Her lips set in a tight line. She had found that out from Martha by the merest accident. She could not make it significant. Nor was it important, surely, that he had gone out to wash and change for dinner

"Martha went out into the hall to break a dinner date," she said evasively, knowing that Buckman recognized the

evasion. "Why?"

"Mr. Carter was taking her to dinner," Trudy said stiffly, "because— because we are working late."

"I see. Was Martha gone long?" She shook her head. "No. I followed her immediately because she happened to have the prints in her hand when the knock came on the door. She was about to put them in the safe. She had a date, all right. I saw the man."

'Who was he?

Trudy frowned. "I don't know, exactly. Bob something-or-other, one "I don't know, of the inspectors. I've seen him around."

"No chance for substitution there?" "Oh, none at all. There wouldn't have been time to secrete the original print had they substituted one. I'm positive of that.

Buckman pondered. "So, it's Carter," he said at last.

She had expected that, of course. Nevertheless she said impulsively, "Oh,

"It has to be him. Or Martha." He added deliberately, "Or you."

"I'd sooner believe it was I. Or Martha, even," she returned warmly.
"He wouldn't!"

He favored her with a wintry smile that held in it a dreary knowledge. "My dear Miss Hall, if you only knew! People can and will. People do."
"But he's in the service," Trudy

insisted. "He loves planes."

"All sorts of people are in uniform. And who would be the last one suspected if not a plane's designer?"

She could not answer that. He grew usinesslike again. "Listen carefully, businesslike again. now. Here's what I want you to do."

When he had finished he said, "Think you can do it?"

Trudy sat very still. For a long moment she did not answer. Her hands + Continued on page 22

from her face. At the next desk Martha's pencil was poised motionless over the papers. It was evident to all of them that something was about to happen. So Rick was going to admit it!

Buckman went through the prints carefully.

"Thirteen isn't here," he said.

Rick gave her one long reproachful glance, deeply troubled. Then he turned away

Trudy knew that this was her last moment of hesitation. Should she tell? It wasn't too late to save him, even yet. But she never had a chance to make

the decision. Rick made it for her. He went over to her desk and vanked open the top drawer. He took blueprint 13 from it. She had slipped it away from the others and put it there when he was out of the room.

His face was stern as he carried it back to Buckman, then drew from his own desk a drafting sheet. He turned to

"I'm sorry, Trudy," he said curtly. "I suspected, of course, but I never could make myself believe it, not until tonight. I hate to drag you through such a mess . . ." He did not seem to know how to go on. Finally, with an effort, he said, "But you can see that there was nothing else for me to do."

Now, indeed, anger swept all iciness out of her. "Oh, there wasn't, wasn't there!" she said hotly.

But he had turned back to Buckman. "You can see the difference in the figures I told you about, sir. It would have made a leak in the cylinder, all right. This is not the original print. The original one was checked this afternoon and was all right; it had the proper figures on it then. I don't know where the original one is now but I do know that this is a substitute for the real one. Had Miss Hall not been careless when she made the substitution

had she not got this forgery in with the unchecked ones . . . well, we would not have known that it was a substitution, not until the castings were made, anyway. It would have meant a loss of time." He added in an effort to soften his words. "Of course we would have discovered it on assembly or in testing.

"That is no excuse," Buckman said sharply.

"No," Rick said. "I suppose it isn't." He turned to her. "Trudy, why didn't you stop to think what it would mean?" She stared at him.

She was so astonished, so utterly appalled that she could not speak. She could not . . . she could not believe that he was so unspeakably low as to try to implicate her and escape unscathed himself!

WHAT IN the world are you trying to say!" she demanded furiously, finding her voice at last. "If you think you

"Just tell me one thing, Trudy. How did that print get in your drawer? Just tell me that."

"Why . . . I . but . . . I . . Before she could finish, before she could answer him, Martha spoke up in a surprised little voice.

"Why, Trudy put it there herself. I saw her! When you were out of the room, Mr. Carter!"

"I know she did," Rick said. "I watched from the window. I knew she wouldn't leave it with the others where it might be noticed; she'd made that mistake once when she accidentally put it with the unchecked ones. She thought she got away with it but she was taking no chances on my seeing it again; she would have put it back in the safe later."

Reluctantly he checked off points on his long lean fingers as he made them. Trudy sat still, too stunned to protest, but her mind following mechanically.

'There were other things, too. First, I always managed to get her when I put in a call for a girl . . . before Trudy was assigned to me permanently, I mean."

Dull color replaced the chalkiness she had felt in her face. There had been another reason for that at first! But she'd die before she would let him know that she had felt that instant attraction to him!

He continued, speaking directly to Trudy. "You never missed an opportunity to be alone in the office. were here, always, when I arrived and you stayed after I left. I noticed that weeks ago. I tested you again this afternoon. I almost had to throw you out to make you go yourself to get a girl from the pool-to get you to leave the room even for a few minutes."

"Go on." Trudy's voice was even.

"You searched my desk, time and time again. Only tonight I found you at it. Hunting for stamps, you said."

Before she knew what he proposed to do, he had taken her bag and opened it. He took out her keys and fitted one into the lock of his desk, turned it. "How did you get that key, Trudy?"

He did not wait for her answer. "You made up an engagement you did not I saw you eating alone in the drugstore when I went for cigarettes on my way back. You did that so you





OH! SOB!

AH JEST SEEN

FORTCHNLITLY, TH' DOGPATCH
MOOSELIM IS WELL-STOCKED WIF
AIRY-PLANE RELICKS!—AH KIN
DRAP LI'L ABNER, THIS
PACKAGE O' "5- MINUTE.
CREAM OF WHEAT" WHICH
HAS LOTS O' IRON, CALCIUM AN'
PHOSPHORUS* T'HELP GIVE
HIM STRENTH!!



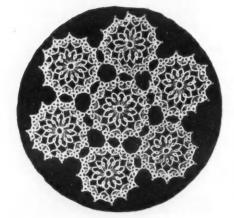
MEAT STRETCHER ? BLENDS PERFECTLY, MOLDS TRY THIS TESTED RECIPE

CREAM OF WHEAT SAVORY MEAT LOAF

pound ground raw beef 2 teaspoons prepared must cup uncooked Cream of tard

w neat
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 small onion, minced
2 teaspoons salt
4 teaspoon pepper
14 teaspoon

ine beef, Cream of Wheat, egg and seasoni cup liquid. Mix together lightly and pa d baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (



Tatting Motif

Daisy motifs are ringed with clovers in the delicate tracery of this doily which is about 7½ inches in diameter. This is one of the more complex designs to challenge the experienced tatter. All it costs is a ball of crochet cotton or tatting thread — and some fascinating hours of work. Full instructions for this and three other new tatting designs may be obtained by writing to Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, and enclosing 10





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Bring 1/2 cup Carnation Milk and 1/2 cup water to a boil. Add 1 tbsp. granular cereal (farina, barley, rice, cornmeal) or 2 tbsps. flaked cereal (like oatmeal) and boil briskly 5 minutes. Then set pan over boiling water and continue cooking 30 to 60 mins. depending upon the cereal.



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arnation

were cold in her lap, though the office was sultry with the midsummer heat which had lingered on into early evening.

Finally she nodded. "Yes. Yes, I can, if I have to," she said.

SHE ATE her solitary supper at the nearest drugstore and returned to the office to find Rick and Martha at the big desk, blond head almost touching the black one. She knew that Martha's ultrafemininity, coupled with that outrageous mixture of pertness and small impudence, had roused a masculine combat in him. It should have made her distinctly green-eyed. It also should have made her job easier. But it did

Rick gave her a long and penetrating and strange look that she did not understand. He said merely, "Martha will go on with your lists." He turned. "Or would you rather do blueprints, Penelope?"

"You know I can't do blueprints, Rick! I told you.

So it was Rick now!

"I'll read them back to you," Trudy said calmly. "I'm familiar with them.

Rick stared at her, his face troubled. "You didn't tell me that you could read blueprints, Trudy."

You didn't ask me," she said curtly, holding herself rigidly from contact with him as she took the prints from the safe he had just opened. She had slipped the questionable print from the finished pile and buried in it the unchecked ones.

They worked carefully but with steady progress. Finally, with fingers that trembled, she pulled out the print she had inserted with the unchecked ones. This was the one that had been

"Checking the tolerances," she said, handing it to him. "Print 13." "I thought I checked that this

afternoon. I'm sure I did. Where's my

Without allowing him to see her do it she had managed to tuck his list down against her shoulder strap. It lay there against her skin like a hot burr.

"You mean the list of the prints you have checked?" She pawed through the papers, purposely disarranging them. 'Oh, well, we'll find it later. We can start with this one."

She began to read from his master list of figures. "The piston. Bore is three inches. First tolerance, point 005," she

He made the notations on a slip of paper, checked them against the print. Right. Three inches. Tolerance point 005. Next."

"Point 0049 plus."
"Point 0049 plus," he repeated. "Next."

This was it. "Point 005," she said. She had given it to him as it should have been. She held her breath. On that print before him she knew it was written point 05-the changed figure.

"Point 005," he said, jotting it down in his quick, almost illegible handwriting. He compared it to the print. Would his pencil waver, stop? "Next." His face did not change expression and the pencil did not waver, yet there was something impassive in his face that made her aware he was deliberately not showing what he was feeling. Trudy's

Her voice was leaden but she went on mechanically, "Point 005."

"Right, Point 005." He was scowling

"I'll read the print back to you now," she said. They had been doing that as a double check.

"No, never mind," he said. He reached for it just as her hand grasped it. Their hands met, warm and vital. Trudy withdrew hers sharply.

"I've checked that before, I remember. We'll go on with the lateral view of the cylinder now." His voice was strained under an effort to be matter-of-

"Oh, Rick, don't do it!" she begged.
"Please don't!" But she did not say it aloud. It was bothering him. At least it was bothering him! His heart wasn't

Then anger swelled in her. "Are you an idiot or a saboteur or both, Trudy Hall!" she demanded, shrivelling under her own scorn. "You can't sit and moon over his crisp black hair when he'll do a thing like that. Suppose you remember Dunkirk . . . and Hong Kong . . ." The evening wore on. Once he went

out for a drink and brought back ice-cold pop. "Take five minutes out for a

breath of air," he said.

So! He was trying to get rid of her, was he? Well, she was having none of that! "No, thanks," she said. Tension was growing into something almost tangible enough to be touched. She could feel it in herself, in him, even in

Then at last Buckman came into the

"Well, well, still at it, are you?" he said heartily.

Rick straightened tiredly. "Most through now, sir."

"All ready for the dies and castings tomorrow?" "Will be, by the time we are through,"
Rick said heavily. "They can start on
the morning shift."

"Good!" Buckman's voice could not have been heartier had he been a real production man. He glanced at Trudy. then down to the surface of the desk where the blueprints were scattered

Trudy was breathing only little surface breaths now and a dampness lay at the edge of her dark hair.

Rick was sitting there, his handsome face wiped of all expression. She tore her glance from it. Somehow, she did not quite know how, she managed an almost imperceptible nod to Buckman.

He had been wandering aimlessly around the room and now approached the desk. With apparent casualness he pushed aside the notation slips and picked up the blueprints.

Rick's hand shot out as though he would have seized them. His hand stayed poised for a moment, then he drew back.

TRUDY WANTED to snatch them, too. "He didn't do it!" she wanted to cry. But Rick had turned a defeated and sickly grey under her very There was horror in his face. But, through the horror, there was determination.

He was going through with it!

The room was silent.
"The print is there, Buckman," Rick said quietly. "It's number 13. The piston." He spoke so very low that it vas impossible not to notice the strained effort he was making.

Trudy felt the color recede swiftly

had tried to get possession of it but he always circumvented me. He sensed that I knew, and he thought of a way to throw the blame on me, that's all."

"Trudy Hall! How dare you say such a thing!"

THEY WERE standing now and Rick angrily caught her shoulder. He whirled her about, sharply, to face him.

Their eyes met stormily, glances clashing as the crossing of swords. For a long moment they looked at each other. Then, suddenly, the clash was gone.

"Trudy, you didn't!"
"Rick, it wasn't you!"

Buckman intervened, smiling his wintry smile. "This has been very interesting," he said, "but you can dismiss all that from your mind, Carter. Miss Hall is all right. I told her to put that print in her drawer if she could manage it." He cleared his throat dryly. "She's been working with us for some time. Brampton Hall's daughter, you know."

Rick's face lighted with sudden relief. "Brampton Hall's daughter! And I

"Mr. Carter called on me an hour or so ago—when he was supposed to be out for a drink, I believe—and told me he thought you were responsible for the trouble we've been having, Miss Hall," Buckman said. He smiled bleakly. "I gather he did not enjoy the task."

Rick's face was very grim. "Enjoy reporting Trudy?" he said. "Not exactly."

They still faced each other.
"Then who . . ." Rick began.
"That substitution was made this afternoon," Trudy said suddenly.

Simultaneously they turned toward Martha. And though they did not speak they moved slowly toward her, their

thoughts evident.

"Oh, so it's my turn now, is it?" Martha said lightly. "I've been expecting that ever since you two began to stage that Great Understanding a minute ago." She laughed. "I'm surprised at you, really I am, Trudy. You're just trying to get yourself out of a jam, and I'd think you'd be ashamed, that's what I'd think, after the way I've tried to help and all, working tonight when I had a date and everything."

Trudy closed her eyes a moment. Rick didn't do it! That was what mattered most. But she had said too much. She'd have to prove it, now. Buckman

was waiting.

"If it isn't Rick," she thought, "and it certainly isn't me, then . . . why, then, it has to be Martha. It just has to be."

She must think as she never had thought before.

"It must be you, Martha," she said slowly. "It has to be you."

Martha's defiance was scornful. "So it's me! You stand there and try to pull me into this thing, whatever it is. You've made up your minds to build up another lot of droolings, only this time I'm to be the goat. First one, then the other. Well, it won't work." She turned a devastating and innocent glance of appeal on Buckman. "These two are done blaming each other and are trying to throw it on me."

The appeal glanced off Buckman as from the Great Stone Face. She saw it. "Don't you all be ridiculous," she said. "I'm going home."

"I think I'd wait a little," Buckman

said. He did not raise his voice. He did not need to.

"But I didn't—I don't even know—"
Trudy anticipated her. "You don't
have to read blueprints in order to make
a substitution," she said. "Not when
they're numbered."

Her own words rang significantly in the air. Not when they're numbered!

There was something . . . something she should remember . . .

"May I leave the room, Mr. Buckman? There's something I want to get from the main office."

"I've some plain-clothes men outside," Buckman said. "One of them will go with you."

She came back, a list in her hand. She compared it with her notebook.

"This is a list of the assignments of the girls in the pool. The other is a list of the offices from which these 'mistakes' have been coming," she said. "See, Martha has been in six of them,"

Martha shrugged. "And carried blueprints into every one of them with a wheelbarrow, I suppose," she said gaily. "Oh, don't be silly, Trudy. Someone had to be sent." There was no appeal in her tone now, only light pertness. "Of all the silly things I ever heard of, just because a girl needs her job and gets work to help her folks and all . . ."

TRUDY'S EYES widened. Her hand smacked the desk. "That's it!" she said. "Oh, that's it!" She knew now what she should have remembered.

"What?" Buckman and Rick spoke together. Even Martha froze to a real attention.

"Something I should have remembered. Martha just reminded me." For a fleeting instant pity melted her. But it was Martha or Rick. She went on inexorably, "A conversation over the telephone. About buying a house . . . wait . . . let me think . . ."

Then she repeated the words slowly, verbatim, "'Take them over to the lawyer's office, will you, Bob, because the buses are so crowded . . . yes, it's on Thirteenth Street . . . ""

"Oh." Rick was disappointed.

Buckman, however, was nodding in satisfaction. "You've got it. Part of it, anyway."

Trudy snatched up a little green book and leafed through it a moment, then she, too, nodded in satisfaction. "There is no Thirteenth Street," she said quietly. "Not any more. It was only a short street originally, and it was in the slum district. The buildings were condemned and they've been pulled down. No lawyer possibly could be there."

"And it was print' 13 that was changed," Buckman said dryly. "A code, to tell her accomplice which print to bring for substitution, no doubt. They must have had it ready, waiting the chance, and they almost were too late." He shrugged. "Well, here's once they were too late, after all," he said. "Sit down, Miss Schroeder!" he snapped sharply to Martha, who had been edicing toward the door.

edging toward the door.
"Don't be silly!" she said again. "I'm
going home. Just because the lawyer's
probably moved."

"I'm afraid," Buckman said with onderous courtesy that denied the

ponderous courtesy that denied the sharpness of the previous moment, "that you are not going home for some time, young woman. I know that region pretty well. We'll soon find out if any lawyer's moved from there recently. I



(well... I was 37 my last birthday)

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could stay behind in the office and substitute this print for the real one. You can read blueprints, though you've been careful not to give an inkling of that before tonight."
"And?" Trudy said icily.

"And, in spite of openly denying it, you do know the combination of the safe," he said quietly.

"What makes you think that?"

"I tested you. When I closed the safe tonight I purposely left the inner drawer open." He pulled a micrometer from his pocket. "I know within a thousandth of an inch how far open that drawer was, Trudy. It was not the same distance when I returned. Oh, near enough for the eye, perhaps—you have a very good eye—but not for the micrometer."

"But I got the prints from the drawer when we began to work after I came from supper," Trudy said disdainfully. How far would he go?

He shook his head. "Not good enough,

Trudy. I measured it when Martha and I came in, before you were back from supper. You had been in the safe. It

had to be you."

"Yes," Martha said, affirming it with
"Yes, he a vigorous nod of her head. "Yes, he did. He read the figures off to me. They're here." No one paid any attention to her proffered pad.

'Is that all?"

"That's enough," Rick said. "For me, anyway." There was such regret in the way he said it that she almost forgot that it was spurious and part of the despicable trick to turn the tables. 'I suppose you took the original print out with you tonight, or destroyed it, after you made the substitution.

"And you call that proof!" Trudy said. "But you did watch those blueprints every minute, Trudy, you know you really did!" Martha said earnestly. You wouldn't let them out of your sight, and you made excuses to come over and pile them up every once in a while. And you wouldn't go out all evening . . . and you took some sort of paper when you were working with Mr. Carter. You put it down under your shoulder strap, I saw you. I-I think

it's there yet."
"You keep still," Trudy said. She felt no anger at Martha's quite natural misinterpretation. But Rick .

"I should have told you more this evening, Mr. Buckman," she said.

Go on."

"Mr. Carter not only did not want me to stay in the room, as you evidently surmised. He insisted imperatively. even sharply, that I should go, myself, to get a girl when I could easily have telephoned. While I was out, he made a trip to the drafting room. I left the door to this office open, but when I returned it was closed. He could have made the substitution then. He went out later, ostensibly to wash and change for dinner. He could have carried out the original at that time and destroyed it. It could have been hidden in his dungarees."

"Trudy, don't!" Rick said urgently. "Don't make it worse."

Trudy disregarded him. "I read the figures to him and he saw the change that had been made, though he pretended not to notice. He wouldn't read the figures back to me from that print, though he did from all the rest. He kept the print beside him all evening until he went out. I thought he was carelessleaving it, I mean-for several times I

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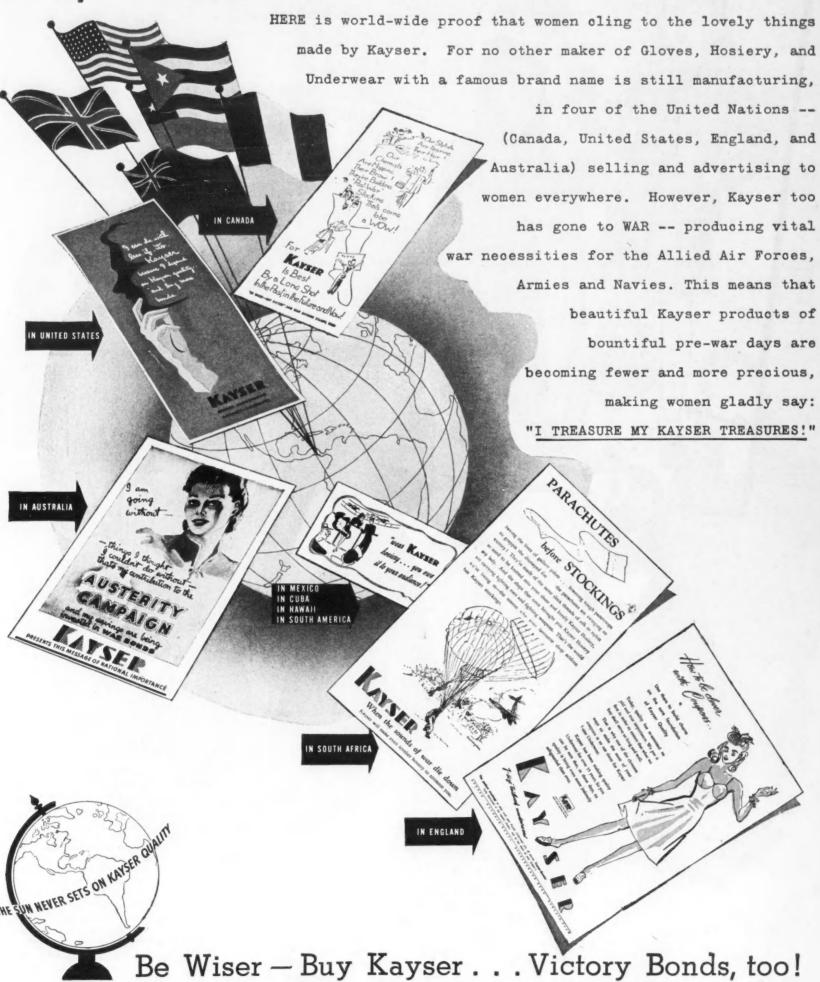


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think not. It's jail for you until we've covered that item.'

Martha grew very still. Her eyes were no longer innocently blue, but they still held a pretense of insouciance. She flounced into a chair.

"I still don't know what all this is about," she said airily. She threw a glance at Trudy which should have reduced her to carbon. She laughed. She pointed a ridiculing finger. "She's just carrying a torch for that big oaf over there, that's all. She doesn't care what happens to an innocent girl who never did anyone any harm. And she can't prove that I did, either."

"You're sure that the substitution was not made in the corridor before you got out there, Miss Hall?" Buckman ignored Martha. "Could it have been?"

Trudy shook her head. "I'm certain of that. Yet it must have been. It was the only chance—when she went to give Bob the keys."

"Who's Bob?" Rick demanded.

"Oh, just someone from the drafting room," Trudy said absently. Then she caught herself abruptly. "Why, that's the reason he seemed familiar! He's an inspector now, but he used to be in the drafting room. I knew I'd seen him before.

"With that imagination you ought to write movie scripts!" Martha's voice held an edge now.

"We can check that," Rick said. "It has been checked already," Buckman said. "Along with a number of other things, I might say. He was from the drafting room. I've been-ah -talking to him this evening, since Miss Hall was in to see me. To some of his—ah—friends, too." Martha Martha seemed to wilt a little.

Trudy was searching her mind desperately. What had she overlooked? What had she seen and heard that would clear Rick finally and forever?

"There wasn't time for a substitu-tion," she said. "I'd stake my life on that." She added slowly, concentrating as she never had concentrated before, "but there might have been time, I think, for Martha to take a print from him and add it to the others. She must have carried both the original and the substitute one back into the room with

"But the original is gone. There's only one print 13 here, and it's the wrong one."

"I know it, Rick. But it's here somewhere. It has to be."

"Unless she carried it out when she went to dinner.'

Trudy thought about that. "I don't see how . . ." But after all, she had had no reason to watch Martha when the prints were in the safe. She badn't watched her.

"Once she had put the prints in the safe I didn't watch her," she admitted. "If she had made the substitution before that, she could have slipped the original under the blotter of her desk; it could have been there while the substitute one was put in the safe. It was one of the small ones. It wasn't like her to be careful enough to put those prints away anyway, not Martha."

Rick tore the blotter from the desk. "Not there." He seized the one from Trudy's desk. "Nor here."

"Did she wear a coat?"

"No, Mr. Buckman, and her purse was too small. She was going to take her coat and umbrella, but Mr. Carter said

they'd take a taxi . . ." Trudy's hand went hard against her mouth. She and Rick looked at each other incredulously. a long moment. They both remembered that moment when he masterfully had taken the umbrella and coat back to the locker. Martha had counted on them forgetting that and they almost had. "That's it!" Rick said. "That's it!"

THERE WAS a small sound from Martha that made them all turn toward her. It was not a whimper, though it might have been. Somehow it turned itself into a laugh.

"It's just a frame-up. planted something . . . just to get them-selves out of this, that's what."

Trudy and Rick advanced together to the cupboard which served as a locker.

"Handle it carefully," Buckman sug-

gested with deep pleasure. It was Trudy who unwrapped the strap of the umbrella, Rick who thrust his handkerchief down over the blue-

print and drew it from the inside where it had been rolled. He carried it over to

the desk and compared it to the substi-tute print. "Both 13," he said. "This is the original, all right." Trudy was almost faint with relief. "She must have put it there while she was fussing . . . straightening her stocking seams . . . getting ready to go out," she said, even yet not quite

believing. Small, pert, helpless Martha. Pity swept her, then she compressed her lips. Martha would have blamed Rick, would have blamed her, anybody. It seemed so out of character, so impossible. And yet it was that which had made it possible. And it had been Martha who had said of Bob, "'He's a good meal ticket, anyway."

'There's always someone who'll sell out," Buckman once had said. Trudy turned away, sick with revulsion of feeling. Martha had wanted money that much!

Martha's hands were clasped tightly, but she managed a glimmer of amuse-ment. "How far will that get you in court, Mr. Intelligence Man?" She was all female, insolently sure of herself.

"With the fingerprints," Buckman said gravely, "and with the rest of the evidence I got outside, a long way, I should say."

Martha broke from the detaining hand he had placed on her shoulder and dashed to the door.

"I wouldn't try it. You'll find a number of my men outside. They have your friends in custody. They're waiting for you."

She looked at him a long moment.

"Then," said Martha astonishinglyand yet not so astonishingly-"I'd better fix my make-up. A girl has to look her best." And, incredibly, through the utter silence in the room she stepped to the mirror and powdered her face; she drew a red line across her mouth. "Come along," she said, mimicking Buckman's precise tone. Buckman went.

At the door he stopped. His eyes actually twinkled, all the steeliness gone. 'And my apologies to you two. I'm afraid I put you through some pretty bad moments. The inspector talked tonight-we've got the whole gang and we'll have them in jail in ten minutes. All we needed was something further

to hold this young woman. We've been + Continued on page 38







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Staff Sergeant Sharon Lets Down Her Hair

To Those Who

Fight

By ELSIE FRY LAURENCE

This is the life denied them: To skate and to ski, With the sunlight burning White on the snow:

Through the secret woods, And the knowledge within the

This is the life denied them:

On the curving limbs.

And the ripple within the wave

To drive and to ride, And to follow after The moose and the deer;

Of youth's own laughter.

This is the life denied them:

To love and be loved
As their youth demanded:
To take and to give.

Young years to live, From the morning flight To the homing of wings at eve,

This is the life they gave us, We take from the hand

Through snow, through grass, Through the desert sand,

For they hunt and they ride with death,
And mate with danger.

The trails that go

Of Spring returning.

Lake water clear

Securely landed.

Of many a stranger. Tired they pass

wind.

Continued from page 11

didn't want her uniform to be wrinkled when Tim first saw it. There were so many things she wanted to tell him about the fort and the routine and the things they were learning and the progress she was making. She wouldn't mention the grade she'd made in her She wouldn't gas drill. That would be sheer boasting. But she could tell him about being made staff sergeant. And of course her biggest news of all. She experienced again the thrill of excitement and wonder she felt when she'd been notified that she'd been accepted as a candidate for the OTC. Half her pleasure was in the knowledge that Tim would be so proud of her and the record she'd made. It took only a few minutes to walk

the five blocks to the hotel where Tim would be waiting for her in the lobby. Men and women cast approving smiles at the slender girl with eager blue eyes striding along so briskly in her smart uniform. Elizabeth was quite accustomed to their smiles and to their quick friendliness. She knew that now in almost every family there was somewearing the khaki or blue of the armed forces, and that just as people accepted her uniform as belonging to their country and to them, so they accepted its wearer.

She went into the lobby through the side entrance. Inside the door she stopped. There was Tim, big and handsome, and as redhaired as ever, watching the main entrance that opened on Victoria Street. Suddenly she felt self-con-

scious. It would have been much easier if he had located her first. Whenever she saw Tim after a long absence she was gripped again by that same shy speechlessness that she had felt when she was a little girl and Tim the object of her hero worship.

SHE WALKED to the splashing fountain in the centre of the lobby, and then he turned and looked straight at her. At first there was no expression of recognition on his face, and then he was out of his chair and at her side.

"Becky," he said, and took her hand. "That fancy getup had me fooled for a second. It's wonderful seeing you again."

She stood quite straight and smiling, but Tim didn't say anything more about her uniform. "Shall we eat here?" he suggested. "I've only a couple of hours before train time."

The coffee shop was crowded, and the hostess asked them to wait a few

minutes. Tim looked around. "Nice place," he said. He granted her. "Well, they've certainly got you her. "bloy. Becky? he said. He grinned down at all togged out, haven't they, Becky? Tell me about things. I expect you must be at least a colonel by this time." She smiled faintly. "I'm a staff

sergeant," she told him.

He laughed. "I Staff sergeant?" understand they don't give you guns. What do you little girls do? Drill with sticks like kids playing soldier?"

There was a stir in the crowd behind them. Tim turned. He whistled softly. Becky, glimpse the brass." officers stood in the doorway; there was the flash of staff scarlet, and crossed

swords gleamed on their shoulders. Becky was about to fall back a pace or two to let them pass, when the older one paused and smiled at her.

"Good evening, sergeant," he said. "Didn't I see you in the orderly room at the fort last week?'

Elizabeth had snapped to attention and saluted.
"Yes, sir," she replied.
"Good inspection.

Very good. You girls are doing a job." He smiled again, nodded, and went into the coffee shop.

The diners, who had observed the scene with interest. resumed their conversations. Tim came forward and grasped Elizabeth's elbow. He looked around impatiently. "This place is too darned crowded. If we don't get a table right away, I'm for going somewhere else.

Just then the hostess beckoned, and

led them to a booth by the window. Tim slid into the seat facing Elizabeth, and watched her remove her cap, place it topside down on the seat and flip her gloves into it. He straightened his tie, resettled his coat on his wide level shoulders, and smiled the jolly crooked smile she knew and loved.

"This is something like it," he said. "Now we can have a little privacy."

They hadn't finished their soup when two small girls approached their table. The older one held out a menu to Elizabeth. "Will you please sign this?" she asked breathlessly.

Elizabeth accepted the stubby pencil and wrote her name. She saw Tim grin. He liked children. He leaned across the table and patted the little one on the head. "Do you want my autograph too, sister?"

She looked him over, "No," she said bluntly, "just the lady soldier's." She stared adoringly at Elizabeth.

♣ Continued on page 32

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Right now, of course, it looks pretty sound. Sparkling eyes, fresh glow of youth and lots of pep are an unbeatable combination, without much effort or record

But how about the future? Ten years from now will you be collecting dividends in charm and a more lasting kind of beauty? Cosmetics will do wonders for you, there's no denying that, but they can't perform miracles. Beauty, to be lasting, must have as a foundation healthy skin, lustrous hair and a well-proportioned body—the result of exercise, proper diet and regular beauty routine.

If you're college-bound this year, it's smart to be casual, but do strike a happy medium between campus casualness, carried to the point of downright sloppiness, with skin and hair left to the vagaries of wind and weather, and a tootheatrical make-up which is apt to give you an "unrationed" look to the home front wolves.

look to the home front wolves.

In other words, you don't need to cultivate a downright porridge-for-breakfast appearance, nor do you want to go utterly zaza—with elaborate hair-dos, heavy make-up and jingle bell jewellery. Be well-groomed, and, above all, be natural. These days our way of life has no place for a gal with an ersatz personality.

Here and on the following page are tips from some Hollywood starlets who are climbing right up to the topmost galaxy. They have their future firmly in hand, as you'll see. Why not set your course by the stars?



RED-HEADED Nancy Coleman is tall and dashing—the ideal co-ed type. Get out your tape line, gals, and let's compare her measurements with yours. Height, 5 ft. 6 ins. Bust, 32 ins. Waist, 25 ins, Hips, 35 ins. And she tips the scales at 120 lb.

And she tips the scales at 120 lb.

Her colorful locks are one of Nancy's greatest assets—combined with clean golden skin and large expressive grey eyes. Ten minutes of vigorous brushing each night keeps her hair shining like fire,

Make-up should never look thea-

Make-up should never look theatrical, says Nancy. It should be applied cleverly and inconspicuously.

Notice her hair-do in this picture? She has two good reasons—the most beautiful ears in Hollywood, it's said (so she shows 'em off). Nightly massaging of the ear lobes with cream, plus just a touch of rouge when making up for the day, are all part of Nancy's beauty routine. She avoids heavy earrings, says they pull the lobes of her ears out of shape.

Nancy Coleman, Warner Bros. starlet,

TEENS' ROUTINES

Shortestains went to some of the bisentest holly wood starlets for their leaded recipes for skin varie.

Starlets for their leaded recipes for skin varie.

Bethe up. favorite hair-do's and keep it energies.

EVER HEAR of a "string-bean bend" or a "peach-reach"? Joyce Reynolds has coined these words to describe her special forms of exercise. She combines work and beauty routine—takes her daily dozen in her Victory garden and orchard. While tending vegetables, Joyce bends from the waist, knees locked, using first one arm and then the other. She does stretching exercises as she reaches for ripe, luscious peaches from her fruit trees. This has started a new fashion in Hollywood. Lots of movie stars are now string-bean bending and peach-reaching.

When gardening time is over, Joyce goes in for daily hip-slimming exercises. Here are a couple she strongly recommends. (1) Lying flat on the floor, hands straight down at her sides, she bends her knees and raises her body slightly. Repeats 20 times. (2) Lying on the floor she raises her arms and braces her head. She then "walks" up the side of a wall, keeping her body stiff as she does it.

Joyce Reynolds, Warner Bros., starring in "The Constant Nymph."



WHO SAYS child movie stars lead unnatural and restricted lives? Virginia Weidler would like to argue with them about that. She's been in the movies for thirteen of her fifteen years, and she's had a lot of fun too! The only trouble is, she spends so much time in front of the camera she has to budget her spare minutes very carefully.

Only ten of those precious minutes per night go to the upkeep of Virginia's radiant beauty—but it's ten minutes every night in the week—not just now and then, hit or miss.

Each night Virginia scrubs her face for a minute or two with mild facial soap and a soft complexion brush. This is followed by a thorough face creaming which she leaves on all night. Ever notice her lashes? Pretty terrific, aren't they? For some years now she's formed the habit of touching them with vascline to make them grow long and silky, and, with an eyebrow brush, she trains her brows in a fine straight line. After bathing,

Virginia Weidler, M-G-M starlet, appearing in "The Youngest Profession."





helena rubinstein

126 BLOOR STREET WEST . TORONTO

THE FINEST LASTS LONGER

"Oh," Tim said. His voice was flat, "Didn't you ever see a CWAC before?" he demanded. "The town's full of them."

The older girl took her sister's hand and pulled her back a little. "We've just come in from the farm," she explained. "We don't come to town very often. This is the first time she's ever been here."

often. This is the first time she's ever been here."

"Tim," Elizabeth reproved him gently. "Don't scowl like that. You'll frighten them. They're only babies."

frighten them. They're only babies."
"Sorry, kids," he said, and fished in his pocket for two bright silver dimes.
Tim answered her eager questions

Tim answered her eager questions about home and her family and friends, but even so the conversation was dragging before they were halfway through dinner. Elizabeth found she didn't have much to tell him about the fort after all. "How about your work, Tim?" she asked. "What are you doing now?" He shrugged. "Oh, just the same

He shrugged. "Oh, just the same thing and more of it. We've only about half the men we need. Trained men. And that means that there isn't much chance of my getting a release and getting into the fight. I expect I'll be sitting at a desk with a slide rule in one hand and a specification sheet in the other when the last bugle blows."

Elizabeth didn't have any answer to this. "Tim," she said brightly, "what a good-looking suit! New, isn't it?"

He glanced at his sleeve. "No, I've had it a couple of years."

"Well, it's terribly good-looking any-

way."

Tim nodded at the officers across the room. "It hasn't quite the style of the outfits those fellows are wearing though, has it?" He laughed shortly. Then his face changed, became intense and eager. "You know, Becky, if I could get some older guy and train him for my job and wangle a release for myself, do you know what I'd try for? The Air Force. That's the place to be in this war. In the air."

'It would be wonderful," she agreed,

'It would be wonderful," she agreed, and then she felt she could contain her exciting news no longer. She pushed her plate back and leaned toward him. She tried to keep her voice steady and not to sound too proud. "Tim, I've been recommended for the OTC. They just told me yesterday. I was the only one selected from our company." She sat back and waited for Tim's exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

HE TOOK a cigarette from his pocket and struck a match. "Congratulations," he said. "You're doing all right." He sat there holding the burning match until the flame touched his finger. He grinned wryly at Elizabeth. "It's all quite a joke. You know if it did work out as I told you and I trained someone else for my job, I'd be getting into the Air Force just about the time you got your captain's three pips. I couldn't take you out to dinner like this then. CWAC officers aren't permitted to date other ranks,' are they?"

Elizabeth had a little twinge of unhappiness. While they waited for the desserts Tim looked at the people passing outside the window and Elizabeth looked at him. He was thinner than he'd been when she left home and he seemed so tired. She knew his work was hard and exacting and under what pressure it was done. Probably he was working nights again and maybe Sundays as well. A few months ago

. Continued on page 47



MIREILLE'S CLAY AND FRUIT MASK
... for radiant loveliness — dew fresh charm and
the allure of a soft, petal-smooth complexion!
Created by foremost beauty experts and composed of blue clay and fruits, Mireille's Clay and
Fruit Mask restores natural firmness to the flesh
and beautifies the complexion by releasing
nourishing fruit juices to the pores.

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PERFUMES • POWDERS
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AND OTHER COSMETICS

On sale at departmental stores, drug stores and better beauty salons.



Vivacious Jean Curry of Halifax is a motor transport driver, carries "Bundles for Britain" to ships bound for England. She says: "The strong winds and salty air of Nova Scotia are very trying to my skin. So I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail. I find Woodbury Facial Soap soothes my skin beautifully." Try this famous skin soap, today.

The "Navy" adores her The War Effort needs her

Pretty Jean Curry keeps wartime beauty bright with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



1. Jean is proud to be among the few girls admitted to the water front. She says: "After an active day, my skin looks dingy. But cleansing with Woodbury Soap brings back glow.



3. Jean's ambition is to write fiction. Like her "heroines," Jean's complexion is smooth, velvety. Woodbury Soap is extra mild, contains a costly ingredient for gentleness.



2. "I cover my face with a thick, fragrant lather of Woodbury Soap. Gently work it over cheeks, forehead and nose. Then rinse with clear water till the pink comes back."



4. "For the skin you love to touch" use Woodbury Soap, made specially for skin care. Woodbury helps prevent stifled pores, leaves skin radiant. Try Woodbury. 10¢.

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN-BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS * MADE IN CANADA

Virginia rubs baby oil all over her body to prevent skin dryness. Last thing before toddling off to dreamland, she drinks a big glass of milk as a nightcap.

Come morning, Virginia uses a soap and water facial again. Her only make-up is a dusting of powder and a touch of light-shaded lipstick. And, speaking of powder, Virginia's awfully fussy about her puffs—believes they're a deadly weapon if allowed to become soiled. She always has spotlessly clean ones on hand.

A movie starlet's life is no kitten-on-asatin-pillow existence. It's good hard work, so Virginia has to watch her diet carefully or she becomes a little too streamlined. She makes a point of eating energy-building foods such as whole-wheat cereals, eggs, green vegetables, meat twice a day and lots of whole milk. Her daily exercise consists of brisk games of ping-pong during rest periods at the studio and badminton or tennis after hours. Nourishing diet and plenty of exercise keep her in A-1 physical condition.

Here are her measurements: Height 5 ft. 3 in.—weight 100 lb.—bust 32 in., waist 22 in, hips 32 in., You can see that she can't afford to lose any weight.

When she's home on the Weidler ranch, Virginia is a bit of a tomboy—much prefers slacks to dresses. Her personal bodyguard consists of three dogs, an Irish setter, a Great Dane and a plain mutt.

Virginia's healthy active life indicates a first-class beauty investment. Ten years from now she'll be lovelier than ever—we're willing to bet.



Kathryn Grayson, M.-G.-M, being seen in "As Thousands Cheer."

THE DELICATE, rather wistful beauty of Kathryn Grayson lends itself perfectly to the simple style of hair-do shown in the picture—upswept in front and coiled low at the nape of her neck. A cluster of white feathers is the sole ornament.

Kathryn believes a hair-do can alter your whole personality. A trim tailored style, when you're on the job, will help you feel efficient and self-reliant, whereas a softer and more glamorous styling will make you enchantingly feminine for evening dates.

The shape of the face can be improved by a cleverly designed hair-do. Soft bangs with curls fluffed out at the sides can help the too-thin face, while the plumpish type can be lengthened and fined down by wearing hair swept up off the ears with a pompadour in front,



in training to carry off the blue ribbon in these swim contests. And so she sticks to a pretty rigid diet like this: Breakfast-fruit juice, eggs, whole-wheattoast and tea. Luncheonvegetable salad, and, just to make doubly sure of vitamins, she munches celery and carrots cut in strips in place of bread. Dinner -clear soup, lean meat, two vegetables. Dessert is where Esther lets down a bit-she has something pretty tempting like ice cream smothered in fresh fruit. The total intake of calories for the day keeps her in top form -fans and friends say she has the best shape in Hollywood.

Both Esther and Virginia Weidler agree on the merits of soap and water beauty treatment at nights, followed by rich cream on face, neck and hands.

by Kay Murphy

So You're Back to School or College for fun as well as knowledge! This year, more than ever, we have to learn how to do more and more quickly and better than in other years. Time flies for scholars when they must combine studies with war activities and a little bit of fun on the side. All work and no play makes Jill a dull filly, I

Clothes must be practical. None of us has time for fuss and feathers. But that doesn't mean we should be drab old gals in the prime of life. Not

Take, For Instance, the fur-lined coat! I've never seen so many fur-liners in all my years in New York. If it isn't fur, it's fur-lined! Especially for

Costume and accessories cour-tesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

OUR COVER GIRL

It's the sort of suit that any college girl
—freshie, soph, or senior—would love to It's the sort of suit that any college gard—freshie, soph, or senior—would love to live in. The wool fabric is British-made, of sturdy substance, and the color is a rich dark green. A red pullover for color and cosiness, and black suede wedgies with ghillie lacing—for fun!

the young woman who is going to college or going to her first job. A fur-lined coat is warm, smart and will serve equally well for evening as well as for day. Lamb is praised by the young teens as a lining. Saw a lovely blue coat, lined in white lamb—worth looking at twice, and wearing for simply

Warm-Hearted Dresses are warm in fabric as well as color. While color is being restricted to some extent (I

didn't know that some of our dye ingredients were used in sulfanilimide, did you?) we have plenty of the BRIGHT colors left—and you'll be seeing salmon, moss and bright green, rose tints and brighter blues. Velveteens and cordurous come in for acclaim— not only because they're pretty, but because they are so WARM. If a dress black-you'll see it vitalized with fuchsia, mustard, or some other daring color. The dresses are plain on a whole; they depend on simple lines and bright colors to make them eye-worthy.

Stop! Fad among our service men, when sending gifts back home from training camps is APRONS! Yes—the post exchanges are overwhelmed with calls for aprons with HIS service insignia painted, pasted, embroidered or

what-have-you on them. I guess the lad thinks you'll be so nice to come home to if you take the hint-and can rustle him up a square meal!

Pigtail Scarf is a novelty that you teeners can make yourselves and thereby add glamour to an old dress or simply overwhelm your audience in a new one. It's a long scarf, wide over the shoulders and tapering down to the ends which are tied with bows, just like you used to tie your own long braids. The lassies match the bows with their hair bows-so of course you have an endless variety, without breaking into your piggy-bank!

Another Scarf Idea gals of all ages can wear is called the "Bra Scarf." Shaped deep through the centre and tapering to the ends, you drape it over the bodice of your dress, under the arms, back over the shoulders, with the tapered ends dangling in front. Saw a bright green "Bra Scarf," decorated with trimming that looked like "high hat" ball fringe and it did wonders for a plain black dress that would have otherwise been "last year's" at least!

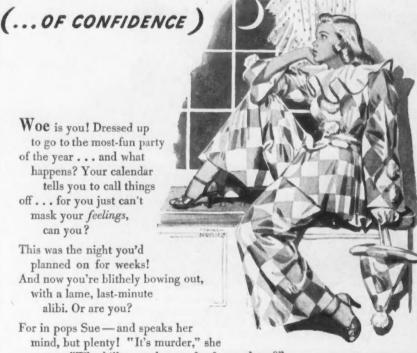
Stop! Two earrings on one ear are adding a bit of cheer to our wartime lives! Wear one at the top, 'tother at the bottom, and honest, you'll almost cause a riot.

If You Have an Elderly Watch that you're tired of wearing on your arm, have it encased in a FRAME and wear as an ornament. It is something new

down here-and catching on. I've seen such watches looking mighty wealthy when framed in carved wood (to wear with sports clothes)—or embedded in a jewelled frame, for dressy wear.

Remember Those Mexican Fashions I wrote about a while back? They're "in again"—this time with ANGEL ROBES, a new name for that garment we usually call nighties! They are made of fine cotton, very feminine

FROM NEW YORK A Lack



says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?" "What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought every girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex stays soft . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

> And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun . . . with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time-when you want to wear your smooth new formal!)

You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

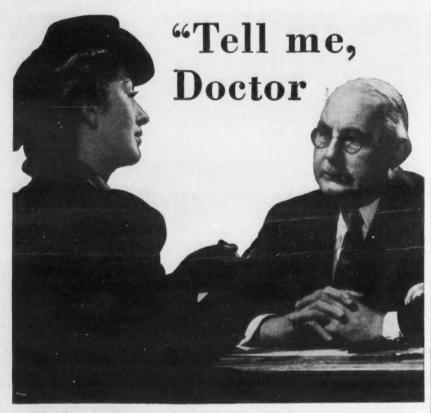
Keep going in comfort WITH KOTEX*!

BE IN THE KNOW . . . learn what to do and what's taboo on "those days—in the free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Read it and get in the groove about grooming, sports, social contacts. There's a special calendar provided, too, for your own personal use. So, dash off your name and address on postcard to Canadian Cellucotton Products, Ltd., Dept. K3-9, 330 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., and get your copy FREE!



Kotex Wonderform Belt — The Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous. Only 25c.





... can you recommend an antiseptic that I can safely use?"

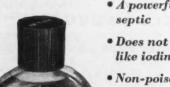
FOR your own intimate, personal requirements you cannot risk using a harsh, dangerous or ineffective antiseptic.

'DETTOL' might have been made expressly for your own personal need. Although a ruthless killer of germs, it is non-poisonous, gentle and kind to tender human tissues, and non-staining. More than that, 'DETTOL' is pleasant to use, has an agreeable odour and is an effective deodorant. This modern, British Antiseptic is today used in the maternity wards of most Canadian hospitals and is widely recommended by doctors for all personal uses.

'DETTOL' Antiseptic is also used and recommended by doctors for cuts, scratches and general first aid, as a deodorant and for other home uses. With 'DETTOL' in your home you need no other antiseptic.

Try some 'DETTOL' in your bath. You'll like it!

DETTOL' Offers you ALL These Qualities:



- · A powerful anti-
- Does not sting like iodine
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YOUR DRUGGIST HAS

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Pharmaceutical Dept., Montreal

Beauty **Brevities**

NOW THAT the holiday season is over, it's time to take stock of sun and wind damage to our complexions and act accordingly. We had this thought in mind when we came across a new kind of beauty mask the other day. It's made of blue clay and—believe it or not—fruit juices. The clay, so the manufacturers claim, restores natural firmness to flabby flesh and the fruit juices have a beneficial effect on your skin. You apply this mask in the usual way, spreading it over your face and allowing it to dry for at least twenty minutes-then wash it off with warm water.

"From head to toe keep your body glow," is the Thought of the Month aglow, from Hollywood. We femmes are careful to lubricate our faces, necks and hands, but what about the rest of us? Dry skin becomes old skin. After bathing, try rubbing yourself down with baby oil—let it sink in for a few minutes. You'll be astounded how much of it will be absorbed by your skin.

Do you know it's much easier to keep your hair shiny and lustrous when you shampoo it at home if you give it a thorough brushing while it's still damp?

Have you give-away hands? In other words, does your handwork indicate a nervous jittery temperament? you a nail-biter or a polish-picker? Habits like these will make your freshly manicured paws look as though saboteurs had been at work, in no time at all. Well-kept hands that don't fidget and fuss are a great asset in charm rating.

Speaking of charm rating, how is yours these days? Can you put yourself over in a roomful of strangers or does meeting new people cause you to take on an entirely new personality? Do you suddenly develop mannerisms and an affected way of speaking? Better check with your best friend and don't be cross if she tells you a few stern truths. At the same time get her frank appraisal of your voice. A querulous high-pitched voice leaves a bad impression. Giggling s terribly old-hat-went out with the flapper. A composed, self-assured manner and a soft, modulated voice will be more of a beau-catcher than shapely legs or a Grecian profile.

Now that we've reached "the last rose of summer" time of year, we're faced once more with the stocking problem. Do you know that too-large or too-small stockings can cramp and irritate your feet just as much as illfitting shoes-also that, in most rayon hose which are on the market these days, you'll take half a size smaller than in pre-war silk stockings?





No date tonight? Make a date with Dura-Gloss. It's fun to do your nails with this bright, sparkling polish. Tops for quality, wear, colors.

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VERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

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DREAM LOVELY describes LUCILLE BALL

APPEARING IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION "BEST FOOT FORWARD"



You can have her Exquisite Cameo Skin-Tone

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS,

my complexion a delicate cameo skin-tone-

famous Hollywood Commentator
"A puff full of glamour from my big box of
Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or
conquest," says gorgeous Lucille Ball. "This
new Woodbury Flesh is my shade. It gives

that dazzling-fair, almost transparent look."

Clever Lucille Ball is right, girls. Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5 complexion types. Then by a new process, Color Control, Woodbury blended seductively flattering shades to glorify each type.

Flick on your Woodbury glamour-shade.

Instantly, your skin takes on new breathtaking allure—seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

Woodbury Powder is only 25¢ and 16¢ a box. Wear it today for the man in your heart—to make his heart beat faster.

Which of These 5 Lovely Types Are You?
(See Hollywood Type Chart in every Woodbury Powder Box)

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Cameo Skin Type (Lucille Ball) Flesh	Tropic Skin Type (Linda Darnell) Radiant
Ivory Skin Type	Honey Skin Type
(Hedy Lamarr)	(Lana Turner)
Rachel	Windsor Rose

American Beauty Blend (Joan Fontaine) Windsor Rose



WOODBURY Color Controlled POWDER

HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP CHART IN EVERY WOODBURY POWDER BOX

What shades of powder, rouge and lipstick to glamorize you? A Hollywood chart in every Woodbury Powder box explains. You'll love the long-lasting, natural effect of Woodbury Rouge—the satin-smoothness of Woodbury Lipstick, Get your Woodbury Powder, Rouge and Lipstick now—to glorify your beauty.

"Don't blame the Army, Sis_ It's your Smile that sounds 'Retreat'!



"Cheer up, Sis! Sure it's tough to have that snappy lieutenant go AWOL from your life. But why put the blame on him—instead of your smile. You wouldn't listen when I told you about 'pink tooth brush.' You said tender gums had nothing to do with your smile!"



"Even in school, Sis, we're taught that a bright smile depends a lot on strong, healthy gums. We have regular classroom drills in gum massage. Maybe your gums need extra care. Why not see the dentist?"



"Yes, today's soft foods are at fault. They rob gums of exercise. I suggest you massage your gums regularly." (Note: A survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for their own personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"I have a smart brother! I pana and massage have made a difference in my smile. I like I pana's taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'Your dental tactics are perfect—watch your smile improve!'"



(Thoughts of a Popular Lady.) "It's thrilling to sing of love—and to be in love, too. But it's hard to believe it's true! I know one thing—and it's not a military secret—my Ipana smile helped me win romance!"

WHEN you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. So when you brush your teeth, massage Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

START TODAY! IPANA AND MASSAGE

September is War Savings Stamp month for your druggist—help him to help Canada—buy War Savings Stamps every time you visit your drug store.

and little-girlish, with ruffled yokes or tucked fronts and such. They get the name from the numerous little "angel" heads, wings, halos and such exquisitely hand-embroidered in color. Really lovely—and, I think, costly. I could never have the heart (or the money!) to pay about \$30 for a nightie. But how about whipping out your embroidery needle, gals?

Printed Slips an idea that is appealing to college girls. Running short of the usual white and pink fabric for slips, some manufacturers started making slips in PRINT crepes. Lo and behold, the stores like them and the women are buying 'em.

Blue Gabardine or Denim Aprons with bright red or yellow pockets—a novel idea the youngsters like when puttering around the kitchen or helping in the garden. So some of the back-to-college girls are packing in a couple—you never know when you'll get enough sugar to make a batch of fudge!

If You're in College or on the job and haven't time to be dressing up when the Date calls, you will be a la mode if you settle for a bright blouse with a slim skirt. At some of the theatres recently the dressy blouse was seen more often than the dressy dress. Black Chantilly-type lace—blouses sprayed with beads or sequins—deep fringe shouldering a blouse—embroidered and beaded yokes—oh, just anything bright and glittery lying around the house will make a blouse look real V—Avenueish! (Your August Chatelaine forecast the trend, so don't say we didn't warn you.)

Jumpers fill in many spots in the young woman's busy wardrobe. The new dropped shoulders on these give them a dressier appearance. When it gets colder, wear them with sweaters and you'll look cosy and feel cosier. Here again you'll find velveteen and corduroy and, OF COURSE, bright colors!

Bulky Sweaters are still tops! If you are buying a sweater—or making one—have it good and roomy. It's thumbs down on tight-fitting sweaters, especially among the "Sloppy Janes."

Raincoats lined with deep pile fabrics are getting results with war workers,

nurses and other active women who are out in all kinds of weather—mostly bad! Some of these linings are reversible all of them are warm...

Stocking Scarfs add a touch of local color. Knitted or crocheted "double"—and ending up with ribbed sort-of-cuffs, you knot it around your neck, or your waist, or your head, and you certainly get the worth of your money!

Start Knitting or Crocheting your "baby bonnet" with mittens to match now! The manufacturers are preparing these in droves for the cold weather and stress unique touches, such as a rose on the top of the bonnet, matched up with roses on the gloves...

Good Clothes Deserve Good Care. And ALL clothes are good clothes these days, when fabrics and the time that goes into making garments are vitally important. I know you know all these pointers—and I'm sure you use them—but let's run over the lesson our Mammas taught us when putting away our clothes (after a struggle!):

Always hang your clothing, except

Brush them before putting them away Look over for spots and remove same early-on.

Pad your wire hangers—if you haven't wooden ones.

Button up coats and jackets to keep them from "falling."

Use skirt hangers for skirts and slacks. Hang the clothing straight in the closet and leave space between for "breathing."

Put light clothing in garment bags, or cover with paper or cloth.

Suits are stock in trade for business and college girls. If you are buying a new one, try to make it fit in with a skirt and jacket you already have. In that way you can interchange coats and skirts and have two outfits instead of one. Saves wear and tear on your new setup and keeps the older garments in circulation.

Black Satin for that "better" dress shows its slim, suave head again. As this will be a standby all season long, and throughout the winter, make or buy yours as simple and "elegant" as you can. Then change its face every time you change accessories. •

Junny Puss :: Continued from page 26

watching her for some time; she couldn't buy a house on her salary and her father doesn't work, not visibly. Thanks for the added evidence. It helps," Then he added deliberately, "I expect you can make it up between you somehow,"

WHEN HE had gone Trudy silently took up her purse and gloves. She had had enough for one time.

had enough for one time.
"Is it true?" Rick asked.

She did not answer that. All she wanted was to get away.

He barred her path to the door. "Is true?"

"Is what true?" Her voice did not seem like her own.

His hands were on her shoulders, shaking her a little. "What Martha said, about you and me?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, you refuse to talk, do you?" His arms went lightly around her. "Suppose I tell you that when I saw you tonight . . . when I thought I had to turn you in . . . well, these last few weeks have been just plain hellish. Suppose, Trudy, that I've been carrying a torch for you? Suppose I tell you that it is true. With me, anyway."

He shook her very gently. He laughed, but with glad tenderness under the laughter. "How about it, Intelligencewoman?" He amended that. "How about it, Funny-Puss?" Somehow it seemed just right when he said that.

Trudy's voice was properly muffled against his jacket by this time, but it seemed to satisfy him.

"I . . . I guess . . . it's true," she

Likely to Succeed!

By MARGARET VOLLMER

it's like showing a stranger around your home town. That's what seniors are like; they are proud of the campus and traditions; they like you, the newcomer, to like it, to learn its ways. Just let your natural thrills bubble out, don't force 'em.

Ask the seniors' advice, except when they are (a) obviously in a rush, or (b) obviously preoccupied or (c) both. They love looking wise and saying, "My dear, I think you should." It flatters their already enormous ego.

Despite the enormous ego, seniors, yea, even sophomores, are human and should be treated as such. Let them take the lead; after all they know the ropes and resent freshies who try to show them. Listen to what they have to say, and all of a sudden you will find the most flattering thing has happened—they have adopted you. But it takes time.

Never let on you know the word sophomore means wise-foolish. At the start of the year (this is usually a closely guarded secret from freshmen) they are always too big for their saddle shoes. Let them have their fling, and take it with a grain of salt, or two.

Freshmen regulations are a big stumbling block. No matter what indignities you have to suffer, take them with a huge grin. Seniors will immediately chalk up, 'There's a good kid.' When I was a brutal sophomore we made freshmen regula-

tions so horrifying that we used to ask the freshies to skip them . . . their faces scared us come the morning. Well, the freshmen neatly turned the tables. They would appear faithfully in the fearsome garb and quite ruin our breakfast.

There are a thousand and one little details that make a perfect freshie. One of the biggest is, please don't be too noisy. Everybody knows you are there; you don't need to advertise the fact with shrieks, giggles and yells at five-minute intervals. Another tip is to forget about your prep school if you went to one. You're in college now, not Miss Smith-Brown's School for Girls. On every campus there is a tight little coterie who spend their time reliving their private or community high school days. They may like each other, but the rest of the college doesn't. You don't have to give up your old friends but take in new ones too. A third point is, never carry tales of one senior to another. That's fatal. Always avoid like poison, too, the type of senior who hasn't a friend in her own year, but comes meowing for sympathy to the freshmen. poison she is.

Gossip is generally a bad thing . . . especially when you are trying to ease yourself gently into a brand-new group. It often boomerangs with a time bomb tied on its tail. When talking to seniors you haven't an opinion of anybody else's character or doings. You may be as wise as Socrates but don't advertise. If you must spill it, write a diary with lock attached. You'll be surprised how silly most



Smoother, Softer Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



Lovely Camay bride, Mrs. George A. Horvat

Tonight...go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Does it seem like a miracle—that your skin can be more sweetly soft, more velvety smooth—with just one cake of Camay? You'll see it yourself—with your first cake of Camay! Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know the kind of MILD cleansing Camay gives you can bring a softer, fresher look to your skin! You see, Camay is truly MILD... so mild, it cleanses your skin without irritation!

So change tonight...to proper MILD cleansing...to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day—with that first cake of mild Camay, you'll see lovely new freshness...that softer, younger look...in your skin!

THE MILDEST EVER!

MILD CAMAY CLEANSES SKIN WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Every morning—every night, cleanse your skin with oh-so-mild Camay. That mildness counts! One cake of Camay brings new loveliness!



Stort tonight...on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Smooth this gentle lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If skin's oily, splash cold. Repeat night and morning.

Delicious, delightful the feel of your skin. Watch how much fresher, smoother it looks . . . day-by-day! See proof of your new loveliness in his eyes!



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Nabisco Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat with all the foodenergy and food-values in choice Canadian Wheat. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat for Fitness . . . save War Savings Stamps for Victory!

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD. NIAGARA FALLS CANADA





Don't be blase

Monn

Don't gossip!

chance at a fresh start. It's only too easy to waste your first year at university just because of your errors

and omissions. Enough of this gloom. How to go about catching, not missing, the campus bus? It's really simple.

I hate to say it, but first impressions do tend to last. You may be the toast of the freshettes (i.e. female freshmen), but if you get in the seniors' glamorous locks, the poison grapevine system will soon catch up with you.

Three don'ts and a do:

Don't march in with the attitude, "I'm Mary Smith, take it or leave it." Even if you were the important Mary Smith, president of the old High, voted most popular girl in Podunk Centre, the senior hasn't heard of Podunk Centre, and cares less. The big frog in a small puddle is in the big campus pool now, so if you make your angle "take it or leave it," there is heavy betting the sour senior will leave it.

Don't be blasé. You may have been to big college week ends, travelled around a lot, been out with the best people. So what? growls the senior. If you go around with your nose in the air, your eyes halfclosed in a sophisticated sneer, you don't see what there is to see and you'll miss all the fun. Incidentally this is a short cut to getting the other freshmen to work up a big hate on you, also.

Don't hand out advice after a three weeks residence in campustown. Many a Freshie has been caught out. say, in telling a stranger they should take English 1-it is so broadening. Two days later she discovers that the said stranger has her B.A. in Honors English. So it goes.

Now the big DO. You are excited, aren't you? You are not quite sure of your way round campustown, are you? Fine! Go right ahead and he that way! Seniors (both male and female) find that wide-eyed enthusiasm quote refreshing, unquote. They get a big bang out of somebody who gets a bang out of what they have grown used to. You know what

Getting the most nutrition out of fresh fruits and vegetables

The fresh fruits and vegetables you buy at your store or grow in your Victory Garden are going to be more important than ever this summer. They are all "protective" foods—but differ widely in health

These are the green and yellow vegetables and fruits that best provide

vitamin A. First choices: carrots, spinach,

peas, beans, squash, sweet potatoes, tur-

nip greens, yellow corn. Alternates: apricots, green asparagus, broccoli, Brussels

sprouts, cantaloupes, chard, kale, oranges, peppers, pumpkin, rutabaga.

values. Together they must supply all your vitamin C and much of your vitamins A and B and minerals. Thus you should be sure to eat something from *each* of these groups *every day!*



2 These are the fruits and vegetables that, in varying quantity, provide vitamin C. First choices: oranges, lemons, grapefruit, tomatoes, raw cabbage. Alternates: melons, peppers, raw salad greens, rhubarb. Note how short the list is compared to the other groups. Oranges are recognized as the richest, most practical source of vitamin C.



These foods (some raw and some cooked) provide a variety of other health essentials. First choices: white potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets, grapes, peaches, raw apples. Alternates: onions, cauliflower, celery, white corn, radishes, cucumbers, kohlrabi, eggplant, salsify (oyster plant), avocados, berries, cherries, nectarines, pears, persimmons, plums.

ADEQUATE 17%
DEFICIENT 83%

Only 17% of all Canadians get enough fruit to satisfy minimum bealth requirements, according to a recent Gallup poll made by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion. Remember: food experts say you should have one serving of citrus fruit every day. For instance, oranges are your best every-day source of vitamin C-needed daily, because the body does not store it.



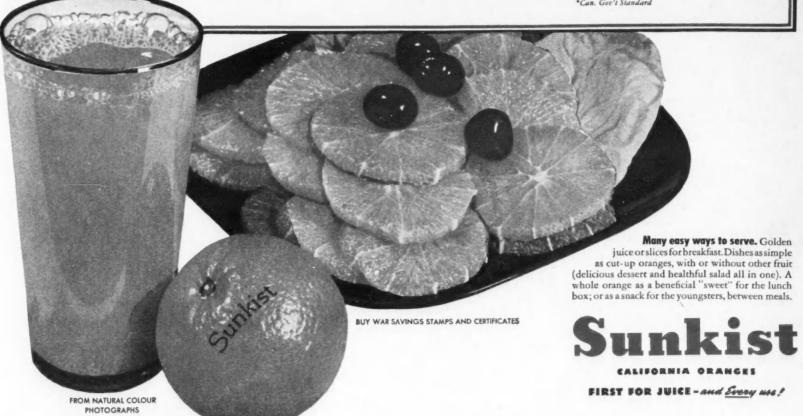
You have to Plan to get enough C. Fortunately, your breakfast glass of orange juice (6-oz.)* gives you your day's full requirement, as well as useful amounts of vitamins A and B and calcium. This start for the day is a big help in maintaining family health in these difficult times.



To supply Allied armed forces with juice and concentrates, Sunkist plants are working 'round the clock. Thus, while orange production has been greatly increased in recent years, the demands upon it are unusually heavy. New trees take years to yield a crop.

You can help make oranges go farther. Use a coarse sieve for juice and mash the pulp through. Keep fruit in a cool, well-aired place. You can buy Sunkist Oranges for at least a week's needs. They are "good keepers"—the finest from 14,500 cooperative growers. First for Juice—and Every use!

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Wonderful Day :: Continued from page 7

did not say, I'm doing it for Tony—to help him—to make him proud of me. Before she could say anything else, Larry spoke again.

"And do you understand suffering?

Do you really?"

My son is overseas, she could have said, and my life went with him. Isn't that suffering? I wake every morning, hating the day to come, hating my lonely house, with strangers in my son's room—afraid of the ringing of the doorbell or the telephone, because it may be a knell.

She only said, "Yes. I think I do." "Do you?" he repeated. "Well, your

own suffering maybe-"

He left her then, and she saw him bend his spare length over a patient, his face full of gentleness and concern. She watched him a moment, and then went outside for the lunch trays.

THE HIDEOUS, dwarflike little man with the injured back didn't like his lunch. He didn't like anything. He kept

ringing for Beth to bring him milk instead of tea, to shift his pillows, to make the man in the next bed stop snoring...

bed stop snoring ...
"I'm not coming any more," Beth said finally, in exasperation. "You're just making a nuisance of yourself."

Tony isn't complaining, she thought. He may be eating dry biscuits in some hideous battlefield—he may be lying thirsty, or wounded — but I

know he isn't complaining. Even when he was very little, he never cried much over bumps and bruises. I used to wish he would, sometimes, so I could comfort him....

The little man smiled. The smile changed his dark ugly face, making it bright, giving it an expression that was almost sweet.

"I'm trying to be a nuisance," he confessed. "It's the only way I can get anyone to speak to me or stay with me. The regular nurses are all so busy, but I thought you might—"

"This is visiting day. Won't you

have company?"

"Who would visit me? People stay away from me when they can." There was no bitterness in his voice. "It's only when I come to the hospital that I have anyone to talk to."

Beth remembered now. This must be the misshapen cripple the nurses had been talking about. He could barely drag himself around on crutches, and he was always falling down, breaking an arm or a leg or injuring his back. He had had seventeen operations, and was in the hospital more than he was out of it.

"I'd love to talk to you," Beth said. It was time for her to go off duty, but she stayed and listened to the little man. He did not speak about himself. He was a great reader, he told her, and his beady eyes shone excitedly as he talked.

"This was wonderful," he said at last.

His voice was husky. "I can't tell you how happy you've made me. I'll be happy for a long time now, just remembering today."

As Beth walked along the ward, she saw a screen around one of the beds. A middle-aged man and woman stood near it, as though reluctant to leave.

"What will we do?" she heard the man cry. "We can't go on without him. He was our whole life. He was—" "Yes," the woman interrupted quietly,

"Yes," the woman interrupted quietly, leading him away. "We can go on. There is still so much to do—so many others to think of—"

They have other children, thought Beth. It isn't so bad for them. I have only Tony. Without him there would be nothing left for me.

A nurse, appearing from behind the screen, looked after the departing couple. "It's tough, in times like these," she said, "to lose an only son this way. If he dies fighting, you can always be proud, but this kid was shot holding up a bank..."

Beth shivered.

GAUNTLET
By MAY RICHSTONE

War or no war. Her laughter is gay as it was before.

Her days are full of sharing and giving. The richness of love, the joy of living.

Her home is a shining citadel Where courage, hope and calmness dwell.

That's what wives and mothers are for,
War or no war.

with a plain kind face, "I saw you talking to Grumpy," she said, nodding toward the little cripple. "Most people shy away from him, he's so hideous, but you—" She shook her head

Then she said, "An only son? But his

mother spoke of-'

She did not finish

because suddenly she knew what the

woman had meant.

The nurse smiled

at her. She was

older than Beth,

helpers —" She shook her head slowly. "We thought you'd all drop out or pass out after the first unpleasantness, but you've done the dirtiest, dullest jobs without complaining or losing your sympathy for the individual patient."

"It's because we like the work, I suppose," Beth said mechanically. "Those of us who choose it have a knack for it."

"It takes more than a knack, what you're doing—all without pay or reward of any kind. It takes a real desire for service—a real love of people"

desire for service—a real love of people."
"You're the perfect nurse," Larry had said, and he hadn't meant it as a compliment. "The volunteers have brought warmth and sympathy into the hospitals," he had told her, but he had suggested that Beth was not like the others.

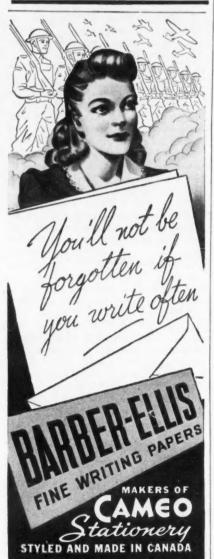
SHE WENT out into the afternoon sunlight, her coat open, the breeze warm on her throat. Not far from the hospital the factory was disgorging its early shift, men in overalls and women in slacks, the sound of their talk and laughter swelling toward Beth as she walked along.

Suddenly she saw the Fentons, her boarders. They did not see her. They were walking hand in hand, without talking. She noticed for the first time how young they were—and how alike. They were both pale and thin and quiet, with light blue eyes and colorless lashes and thin brown hair. They were



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Who Minds Babies?

Continued from page 7

telephone upstairs? Well, what's the number . . . You don't know? . . . well, how am I to find it? It isn't in the book, is it? You don't know? . . . Oh, you'll take a message to her at ten o'clock . . . NO, NEVER MIND . . ."

Mrs. R. turns to her husband. "Henry, you're so wonderful to help with the babies. It's almost like having Nellie back again. I even telephoned her at the factory, but they are working overtime tonight."

Suddenly Mrs. R. catches sight of Peggy Ann and utters a fearful shrick. "Good heavens, she's covered with blood!"

Mr. R. speaks soothingly, "It's only

your lipstick, dear."
"Only lipstick!" gulps Mrs. R., and she sweeps a howling Peggy Ann out of the room.

Half an hour creeps by. The scene is the same, but we have some new sound effects. There's a sound of bath water splashing in the middle distance, and Robin is in his bassinet, cooing loudly. Mrs. R. is telephoning.

'Eek . . . eek . . . EEK," says Robin.

'Is this Edythe Dean?" asks Mrs. R. Do you mind babies? You don't mind them at all, you like them . . . No, I mean do you come in and stay with them in the evenings? . . . Oh, I see, your roommate did last year . . . But how about you, we pay a dollar and carfare . . . You don't know anything about babies? Well, there's not so much to know . . oh, you don't think anyone who doesn't know about babies should take a job like that . . . well . . ." Mrs. R. replaces the receiver helplessly.

'How's it going?" Mr. Ramsay sticks · Continued on next page

Descriptions of Patterns

4767—Girl's suit in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires 3½ of 35 inch, 2% of 39 inch, 2 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4755—Boy's and girl's snow suit in sizes 4. 6, 8, 10. Size 8 requires 3½ of 35 inch material with nap; 2½ of 54 inch. Lining for jacket and trousers: 3½ of 35 inch, or 1½ of 54 inch. Hood, ½ yard of 35 inch or 54 inch. Lining, ½ yard of 35 inch or 54 inch. 20 cents.

54 inch. Hood, ½ yard of 35 inch or 54 inch. Lining, ½ yard of 35 inch or 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

4766—Teen-Age "Simple to Make" dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 14 requires 3¼ of 35 inch material with nap, 3½ of 35 inch; 2% of 39 inch, 2% of 54 inch. 1½ yards of 3 inch wide lace or 3¼ inch wide embroidered edging, Ribbon for neck and bows: 1½ yds. of ¼ inch. Price, 20 cents.

4765—Teen-age two-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 14 requires 3¼ of 39 inch or 2¼ of 54 inch. Narrow braid: 3¾ yards. Price. 20 cents.

4768—Junior misses' blouse and jumper in

2½ of 54 inch. Narrow braid: 3¾ yards, Frice. 20 cents.

4768—Junior misses' blouse and jumper in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, 2½ of 35 inch, 2¼ of 39 inch, 1¾ of 54 inch is required for the jumper. Blouse, 2 of 35 inch or 39 inch, 1¾ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4775—Misses' and women's jumper in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3¼ of 35 inch, 2¾ of 39 inch, 1¾ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4780—Junior misses' coat in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 4¼ of 35 inch. or 2¾ of 54 inch. Lining, 3 of 39 inch. Contrasting collar: ¼ yard of 35 inch. Price, 25 cents.

or 2% of 54 inch. Lining, 3 of 39 inch. Contrasting collar: ¼ yard of 35 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4772—Junior misses' two-piece suit in sizes 11. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 3% of 35 inch material with nap, 3¼ of 39 inch. 27% of 54 inch. Jacket lining: 1% of 35 inch or 1½ of 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4777—Misses' and women's hat and bag, in small, medium and large. Size medium requires: Hat, approximately ¼ yd, of 35 inch. 39 inch or 54 inch material. Lining, % of 35 inch, 74 of 39 inch material. When unquilted material is used for hat, ½ yd, of 35 inch crinofine interfacing is required. Bag: ¾ yd, of 35 inch crinoline interfacing. Price, 25 cents.

4/74—Teen-age coat in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 14 requires 3% of 35 inch, 2½ of 54 inch material with nap. Contrasting collar: ¼ yd, of 35 inch material with nap. Contrasting collar: ¼ yd, of 35 inch material. Price, 25 cents.

That's the way women are said John

"If you're still talking about Uncle Fred's insurance," Vera bristled, "you've won that argument. That's just what I needed to convince me . . . to see Aunt Mildred so comfortable . . . and so thankful!"

John said: "It's rather amusing now to think that you were the one who used to put up a battle every time I tried to scrape up money to pay our premiums."

"I know," said Vera, softly. "But when a death comes so unexpectedly, like Uncle Fred's, it makes any woman realize . . . well, it did me."

"That's the way women are," said John. "Some of them. But life insurance wouldn't have come into existence if it hadn't been for women...and children. It grew because women and children had to have it. So men pooled their savings together to get it ... and it's the togetherness that counts...each of us sharing in each other's protection."



Life Insurance Guardian of Canadian Homes

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* * * Quick help for wartime menus!



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What a break for busy meal planners. Delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies are ready instantly. Save time, work and fuel!

Pour Rice Krispies into a bowl-an inviting big bowlful. Add fruits in season if you wish. Then milk or cream—as much as you like. You'll never drown their singing crispness. The secret of their gay snap-crackle-pop? Kellogg's exclusive recipe—oven-popping—gentle toasting.

Krispies. Everyone goes for their rich, mellow flavour . . . their chipper crispness. No other cereal



people you would not notice anywhere. Certainly Beth had never noticed them, although they lived in her house, except with a vague annovance. It must be hard, she thought now, to

come to a strange town when you didn't make friends easily-to live in someone else's home, when you were young and in love, and you would have liked a home of your own, with your own things in it. Beth quickened her pace until she caught up with them.
"Hello," she said. "Going my way?

They looked at her, startled at first, and then smiling diffidently at her little joke. No one spoke for a few moments. Then the girl said, "We're on the same shift now. It will be easier for the maid."

Beth smiled at her. "Don't worry

about the maid. If she leaves we'll get another."

'But so many have left," the man put "We feel terrible, thinking it's because of us."

"Because of you? Certainly not. Why, you're so nice and quiet nobody knows you're in the house—and you keep the room so beautifully neat." They beamed with pleasure. "We try

to," the girl said shyly.
"I've been thinking," Beth went on, "that you might have some things of your own you'd like to use—curtains or furniture or anything, so it would seem more like home to you."

'But you said-you told us-" The man stammered, and color rose in his pale cheeks. "When we came, you said not to change anything. You said it was your son's room, and you wanted everything just the way he'd left it.'

'Oh, that was only at first," Beth said lightly. "Until I got used to having him away. But now I want you to make it your own room, in any way you like. I want you to feel at home."

"That's terribly kind of you," the girl said. "That's wonderful. There are a few things—" She looked up at her husband, and for a moment they seemed to forget that Beth was there. Their faces were no longer drab and colorless. "We'll be happy now, won't we?" she said to him softly.

Such a little thing, thought Beth ercely. Such a little thing. You'd fiercely. think I'd given them a slice of heaven. You'd think

"Oh, look," she said. "I forgot all about tomorrow's dinner." They were passing a butcher shop, and she stopped in front of it. "What do you specially like? We might as well have your choice for a change.

They glanced at each other, and smiled a little. "Go ahead," the man said then. "Tell her."

"Listen, you wouldn't think it was a nerve?" The girl's words came out in a "There's a kind of chickenrush. We used to have aneighbor, she was from South America, showed me how to make Maybe if - Could I maybe fix it? I'd be through at the plant in time, and -

"Certainly you can fix it. I'll bet it's delicious. Come on in and help me pick out the bird." THE FENTONS went to the movies after dinner, and Beth sat alone on the porch. It was a long time since she had come out here in the evening, but tonight something drew her. She sat in the old hammock rocking gently, listening to the creaking of the ancient springs.

They had always creaked, those springs, even when new. Larry used to say they made a kind of tune. He would sit on the top step, with his long legs twisted into odd uncomfortablelooking spirals, and beat out the rhythm with his nervous fingers while he talked.

'All sorts of things make music," he said once. "Footsteps on a pavementlogs burning in a fireplace—the riveting of steel -

She had laughed at him a little. "You sound more like a poet than a doctor. To me, they're just footsteps and logs

Tony had cried then from his crib, and she had sprung to her feet with an instant, tense alertness.

"There's your music," Larry said. "So loud in your cars it drowns out every other tune -

'Do you think I shouldn't listen when he cries? I'd be a fine mother!'

He hadn't answered her until she came back again, after changing Tony and waiting until he had dropped off to sleep. Then he said, as though there had been no break in their conversation.

'Just don't listen so hard, Beth, that you can't hear the cries of anyone else in the world."

It wasn't long after this that he had stopped coming to see her. She had missed him very much for a while, and she had sometimes thought of telephoning him, asking him if anything was wrong. But she had never got around to it. She was always so busy with Tony and her work for Tony.

Tonight, as she sat here alone, she thought how much darker the darkness was now than it had been those years ago. The street lights were dimmed out now, and the shades were pulled against all the lamplit windows. It was so dark that she could not even see clearly the top step where Larry used to sit. She could even imagine that she saw him sitting there now, a black shape that almost blended with the night.

'Hello," she said softly. "I'm glad you came back."

The black shape stirred and turned, showing a white blur of face.

'I didn't think you knew I was here."
'I didn't—and yet I did."

It was like Larry not to question this remark. To him, it would make sense. "I acted like a boor at the hospital," he said. "I came to say I'm sorry. I think, now, that I should have come long ago."
"No." She said nothing more for a

moment. Then she added, with apparent irrelevance, "This has been a wonderful She thought of its beginning, and how she had hated it, how she had dreaded its lonely emptiness. "If you had come before today," she said, "I wouldn't have been ready for you." 4

WARTIME WEDDINGS

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 403.

Here's a new Chatelaine service bulletin giving you complete information and advice on wartime wedding etiquette. Subjects covered are: the formal wedding; the home wedding; military weddings; toasts; trousseau refreshments.

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NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DECODORANT



evening events. White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan



Staff Sergeant Sharon Lets Down Her Hair

Continued from page 32

she wouldn't have hesitated asking him about it. Now she felt restrained. It was almost like being with a stranger. There was little left of their old easy relationship.

"What have you done with your hair, Elizabeth?" he asked abruptly.

Involuntarily her hand went up to the roll at the back of her head. "It's just done up so it will look right with my cap. It's regulations."

"I liked it the other way. All those little curls and the way it hung loose on your shoulders. I thought maybe they made you cut it off out at the fort.

She laughed. "Tim, the way you talk about it you make it sound like a strict boarding school. It's not so very different from the regular army. I'm a soldier just as men are soldiers.

"You needn't rub it in," he said, and signalled for the check.

Outside the hotel Elizabeth glanced at her watch and found herself wishing that it was nearer train time. The lump in her throat was momentarily growing This meeting with Tim that she'd looked forward to so longingly was bitterly disappointing. She didn't understand it, but she wished he'd never come. She'd rather have had those last nights at home to remember. She stole a quick look at him. It was pretty obvious that he was wishing

approximately the same thing.
"See here, Elizabeth, if I'm going to get you back out to camp and still catch

my train, we'll have to get started."
"You don't need to take me out, she said. "I go around by myself all the time."

He glanced down at her uniform. "For a minute I forgot," he said. "As a matter of fact, having you along practically constitutes having a military escort, doesn't it? How about it—if I get into difficulties, will you protect me?" He laughed, but he didn't sound at all amused.

"Let's walk down the street and look in the windows," Elizabeth suggested. She could think of nothing else to do. They wandered down Victoria Street. She pretended a great interest in the fur coats and velvet turbans and glittering jewellery displayed in the store windows. Momentarily she expected Tim to say something about seeing her again, to make plans for their next meeting. He strode silently beside her.

At the corner they met a company of CWAC's marching along the sidewalk. Elizabeth saluted their captain. The second time it happened Tim stopped. "You're not going to keep up that saluting business indefinitely, are you?"

She looked up at him. "Why, Tim," she protested in surprise, "they were

"Forget it," he said. "I'm just an old grouch." Tim, who usually walked grouch." Tim, who usually walked briskly with his head held high, now pulled his hat down over his eyes and jammed his hands in his pockets.

A LIGHT misty rain was beginning to fall. Car lights glittered on the wet pavement and pedestrians, unmindful of the signal lights, darted across the streets. Motorists honked vengefully at



A recent portrait of CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN by Maria de Kammerer

DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick! -says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties - in addition to your day-in, day-out activities-has made you long for a lipstick that stays smooth and stays on... I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming ... a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen...only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist-the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to 'smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

And, to have the utmost confidence in the perfection of your make-up, match your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick with its companion rougematch your complexion with your own shade of Tangee's deceptively UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED....

warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light . . . just right.

TANGEE RED-RED ... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED . . . "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL . . . "Beauty for Duty"conservative make-up for we form. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY -glory of woman . . . LIBERTY -glory of nations . . . Protect them both ...

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE BOYS!

Who'd have thought that I'd trade in my frills and furbelows for a uniform - and be so happy. But that's the way it is! Watching the planes come in and go out - charting courses on my map — I know I'm doing work that really counts.

One thing though - there's no time to pamper myself on this job. I've got to be on my toes every minute - every day - no matter what. That's why I switched to Modess, the sanitary napkin that's first for heavenly softness and long hours of safety.

The special softspun filler of Modess is fleecy as down. What blessed comfort! And Modess is safer, too. No 'accident' worries for me. Now I whizz through even the toughest days with a smile.



Modess-for busy girls



TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

his head in at the door. Peggy Ann adheres to his neck firmly, announcing, "No, not go to bed." Henry's once blue trousers appear to have been wiped with a damp cloth and well salted with talcum

"A matter of principle," says Mrs. R. wearily.

BY EIGHT Robin is howling lustily but at least Peggy Ann has disappeared. Henry is tying his tie. Mrs. R. is of course telephoning. She stops and says hysterically:

"That one couldn't come because she'd taken her shoes off!"

"Why didn't you tell her to put them on again?" asked Henry.
"I don't know . . . I just couldn't, somehow."

Time: 8.30 p.m. Scene ditto, Mrs. Ramsay is telephoning.

"Yes, it's just for a short while. 8.45 to 12 . . . you think twelve is awfully late? Well, we'll make it eleven-thirty You'll come? Oh, that's wonderful! We're just around the corner from you

Are the babies young? Oh, no, they're practically grown-up, that is, one is three years and the other is five months . . . but they're both old for their ages. They won't bother you at all . . . You hear one crying? Oh, that's because he's right in this room and I've been telephoning for two hours . Oh, no, of course he's not sick . . . You have a slight cold? No, I'm not worried about the babies catching it. They both

had colds last week. Anyway, you won't have to go near them . . . Oh, thanks smuch . . . Yes, I said Two Dollars Oh, thanks so

THE TIME is now 8.45 and the scene is the Ramsay living room. Mr. R. is filling the cigarette box with his last cigarettes. The latest magazines are arrayed on the coffee table. Pillows are comfortably plumped on the chesterfield and the radio is on. Mrs. Ramsay comes in with her hat on one side of her head and her gloves not matching.

"Henry, do you think everything looks all right? I should have some flowers in the room, shouldn't I? Oh, dear, there's some dust on the floor, I'll have to get the sweeper. Good heavens, there's the bell already . . . she's come!"

By nine o'clock the Ramsays are in their car. Mr. R. is driving and peering through the windshield on which the rain splashes soddenly. Mrs. R. is in a state of collapse on the seat beside him.

"Do you realize we haven't had any dinner?" demands Henry.

"Haven't we? Do we need any?" His wife's voice is faint.

"We certainly do," says Henry

"Yes, I guess we do," Mrs. R. agrees. Then she brightens, "But Henry, if we hurry, we'll only miss the first half of the feature and I don't like Lana Turner anyway!"

Curtain +

Most Likely to Succeed :: Continued from page 41

in three months. And above all, remember that common rooms and smoking rooms seem to have dictaphones in the wall.

The hardest thing for a freshie to understand is being left out when a group of seniors start talking. It isn't deliberate, usually, on their part. They are just talking shop that happened the years you weren't at college. Don't try to crash in, but if you listen you will probably pick up some interesting information.

Now about MEN. (That's what you're reading this for, is it not that this is so?) Don't be the least bit scared of going on a blind date a senior girl offers you. For one thing it's a sign they think you acceptable. For another it's one of the best ways to get around in your first term. And if he isn't a dream man, cheer up. It's not the man you're with, but it's the interesting man you might meet who's going to be important. And lucky, lucky freshman: you can go out with anybody without campus-politics exploding . . . because you are green, and you aren't supposed to know that nice Joe Soandso was considered that awful Jane B's man last

But this carte blanche doesn't give you any leeway in trying to bust up couples obviously still in existence. And never, if you value your neck, try to flirt with a senior's heart interest if she

is anywhere within shooting distance. She won't skin you on the spot but what she'll say to other seniors won't make life worth living.
Still another don't. Don't brag about

dates, no matter how many you have. Hate to disillusion you, dear, but freshies always get rushed. Seniors are very touchy on this point. You see they get rather sick of phone calls like this, "Say, Betty, do you know any cute freshies I could take out?" Especially when the man phoning doesn't seem to want to take out Betty. It has been known to happen.

Never take anybody else's opinion on man or woman. Especially man. You'd hate to turn down a good date just because Sour Sophomore says he's a jerk. (This opinion might stem from the fact that he called her Pudgy last year when she was a little overweight.)

Don't be surprised if several senior men take you out, and then not repeat the date. It isn't something your best friend won't tell you. It's simply the old Jo College tradition of "looking the freshman class over." They then go back to their old flames.

Hi Ho, it's a heck of a lot to remember isn't it? . . but actually it boils down to three fundamentals: a large smile, bright eyes, and a still tongue. And if you want to win a halo, never stay on a residence phone more than three minutes.

SHOWER IDEAS

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 402 Price, 15 cents. A booklet of shower suggestions that are novel and different,

yet thoroughly practical. Order your copy today from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Dept.,

481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

By Carolyn Damon

Fashion Editor

FFICE managers don't usually wax rhapsodic about their temporary help, but one who engaged a raft of Canadian university girls this summer buttonholed us with a fine light in his eye.

"I've had college students before," he said "but this year they were different. More serious about their work—one girl finished up her job the night before her wedding. She knew it was important and nobody else could take it over."

He paused, thoughtfully.

A warm topcoat is a must. This style goes in for a quilted lining and has straps for over-shoulder wear. In bright solid colors with contrasting trim.

No college girl could manage without (a) a simple suit or (b) a stand-in for same — such as sports jacket and businesslike skirt. You can change its appearance with neckwear tricks, different blouses and sweaters.

"You could even see their new seriousness in their clothes. Good, sensible things, but smooth. Kind of streamlined. No freakish, sloppy stuff or weeping willow hair-dos. These girls looked crisp and businesslike."

We suggest you'll look crisp, businesslike — and streamlined — come the opening of the fall term. It's that kind of world, and no time out for Campus Cut-ups.

But you'll still have fun, and no small part of it will be the decking of yourself for dates, dormitories and the daily chores in lecture rooms.

Dress-up for Dates

Ever occur to you that University is just about the last post for those nice young men who have become so scarce in other civilian fields? So many of them in uniform, studying for the armed forces as well as the Big Career later, but never too busy to take a really attractive co-ed dancing or out for supper.

Sketches by Ursula Rainnie

So choose your date dress with an eye to the men folk. They like you smart, tricky but inconspicuous. Maybe that's why black, spiced with color or metal trimming, and setting off your fresh young face (should be!) is an all-high favorite. At least that's the way it is in the pre-view of college clothes we've been seeing in Montreal and Toronto and New York. Ten black dresses to one colored! And smart new little black velvet or



• Woman-at-arms or woman-in-arms, here are the nail polish shades of the hour! NATURAL—for girls in all the Services—for that feminine, pressed-and-polished look. ALERT, LOLLIPOP, CAMEO, CEDARWOOD, SADDLE BROWN—for off-duty hours. All head turners, all long wearers... see them today!

Northam Warren, Montreal



CUTEX

-The World's Favourite Nail Polish



now. Enlist in the R.C.A.F. right away! Once in uniform you'll know it was the right thing to do. No special experience is needed, just the qualifications listed below.

The R.C.A.F. needs girls, ages 18 to 45 with at least High School Entrance. Apply at your nearest R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, bringing proof of education and birth certificate. NO WAITING! EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROMOTION.

> Send for the free booklet about airwomen in the R.C.A.F. Write to Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Building, Ottawa, or nearest Recruiting Centre.



them. A harassed policeman brandished his stick and bellowed instructions. Tim and Elizabeth halted on the curb when the light changed to red.

Beside them a little boy maintained a firm grip on his younger sister. She hopped up and down and chattered unceasingly. "Look, Ronnie," she said, pointing at Elizabeth, "there's a lady officer.

"No she isn't, Tina, She hasn't got any of those buttons on her shoulders. My goodness, don't you know anything?"

Well," Tina said, "I know that man that's with her isn't a officer either. He isn't even any kind of a soldier. Why isn't he, Ronnie?"

The boy bent over her. "Don't talk so loud, Tina. I don't know why he isn't a soldier. Probably there's a very good reason for it."

The little girl danced around in front of Tim and stared up at him. "Maybe he's cross-eyed like Uncle Willie," she suggested.

Elizabeth knew Tim had heard it all. He was gazing fixedly at a point far off down the street. It suddenly occurred to her that he looked just as he had the time the high school football coach had taken him out of the game because he'd had the nose bleed. Humiliated and exasperated by his inability to do anything. Tim hadn't changed much in the years that had elapsed. She smiled in spite of herself.

The yellow warning light flashed. An impatient driver, determined to get through, whipped his car around the corner. The policeman blew his whistle furiously. Tim heard Elizabeth scream and he lunged into the street after her. Brakes shrieked and people shouted. By the time Tim got Elizabeth back to the curb a score of bystanders had formed into a cluster. 'What is it? What happened?"

ANXIOUSLY Tim bent over Elizabeth. 'Are you all right, Becky?"
She nodded. "I'm all right."

A man pounded Tim on the back. 'Good work, fellow."

Tina's voice shrilled out above the racket. "He saved her life, didn't he, Ronnie? He's a hero."

Tim grinned and turned to claim his hat. Two women had salvaged it from the gutter and were industriously cleaning it with their handkerchiefs.

The policeman was at Elizabeth's side. Look here," he said. 'You'd better explain this. I had my eye right on you. I saw you jump out into the street. You weren't even in any danger. That car didn't come anywhere near you. What was the idea of yelling like that and getting people all excited? Haven't I enough trouble on my hands without you playing games?"

Tim, hat in hand, joined them. Elizabeth wobbled a little and fluttered her eyelids. "I feel so funny," she said faintly.

Tim put his arm around her. "Listen, officer," he said masterfully, 'can't we let the questioning go? I'd better get her out of this mob. She's probably suffering from shock."

The policeman shook his head and turned away to begin untangling the mess of traffic. 'Every time we get a rainy night," he muttered balefully, 'Every time we get a 'everyone in this town goes nuts.'

Tim steadied Elizabeth with his arm

+ Continued on page 74



UP-TO-DATE FACTS

no woman should be denied!

SAFE NEW WAY IN FEMININE HYGIENE GIVES Continuous Action For Hours!

It is appalling that so many women still risk happiness—even health—because they do not have the up-to-date facts about modern feminine hygiene!

Many who think they know, have only half-knowledge! And so, they make the mistake of relying on weak ineffective home-made mixtures. Or worse, they risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today, well-informed women everywhere rely an Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours!

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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SO YOU KISSED THE GIRL AND MADE HER CRY?



Then check your breath 76% of all adults have bad breath. That's why it pays to use **COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER**

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in seven out of ten cases Colgate's Tooth Powder instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY!

Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS!

Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER 121/2c 25c 40c

CLEANS YOUR BREATH



Use Mercolized Wax Cream the Skin Conditioner

Distinguished for its beauty-giving qualities for a third of a century, Mercolized Wax Cream today still carries on its aristocratic tradition. Just pat on face, neck, arms as well as upper arms and elbows, at night before retiring. Wonderful for a makeup foundation also. When the skin is clean, healthful and glowing a woman's attractiveness and poise is greatly enhanced. She has the appearance and feeling of being well-groomed, ready to meet and compete with other beautiful women. So in your quest for beauty remember to Choose Mercolized Wax Cream:

Choose Mercolized Wax Cream; Use Mercolized Wax Cream;

Then enthuse over your complexion.

Use Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores,

Stretch Clothing Dollars 15¢ OFTEN PUTS A GARMENT IN SERVICE AGAIN

Don't discard your favourite garments because they are faded. You can tint or dye them—save them—make them look new again. Diamond Dyes in the white envelope colours any material—cotton, linen, rayon, silk, wool, mixture. Sixteen smart colours to

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

for school. That's where you'll spend most of your time. This year it almost amounts to a uniform-simple kickpleated or flared skirts in dark colors, white tailored shirts, blouses or sweaters, dark or gay. If you're bright with the fingers you can make everything yourself, or with a little parental guidance. Wartime regulations set so specifically what you can and can't do with hems, pleats, sleeves and collars, that you can take a simple pattern and you can hardly go wrong.

If you have one skirt, one tailored blouse, and one soft, one sweater, you'll have a classic classroom wardrobe, 1943-4 style. If you can have two skirts and four or five tops, you're practically a best-dressed woman.

Work your colors out carefully so that they'll all get along happily. you have one strictly businesslike number in skirts, and one soft jersey or rayon or crepe with, say, front gathers instead of pleats, you're ready to choose inter-meshing tops. A soft blouse should complement the second skirt (black and white, maybe?) and the sweater and tailored shirts should mate up with the tailored number.

With this simple fall fashion line-up, you can see why belts are becoming so important. Gather up the family supply and wear them with matching socks or hankies as your special trademark.

Off the Job

One newly important item of your wardrobe that no college girl should be without is a good cover-all apron of some type. You'll be doing more household chores (domestic service is hard to find at residences, in boarding houses or at home); you may have to roll up your sleeves now and then, so don't forget your working togs.

Warm slacks and sweater or flannel shirt, and a good warm bathrobe will be valuable in this coming winter of coalshortages.

A pair or two of those over-knee woollies for outdoors, and some warm undies will be valuable. Classrooms may not be as warm as they were, eitherand you don't want to shiver your way through the Punic Wars do you?

A Good Coat Takes Priority

Sport jackets like the familiar Sloppy-Joe's but modified and more streamlined; and new officer type or warm fleecy and woollen swing coats are very smart. Have you seen the new bright green, blue, yellow, red, etc., wool-mixture fabrics, with warm quilted linings?

Another good tip is to get a sports coat and have it lined with your old fur coat (or one of the family's that you can beg or steal). If the family dressmaker isn't in munitions, or if you have a sympathetic furrier, you can do a tricky buttoned-in fur lining that comes out for spring or fall. Fur-lined coats are just about the most exciting fashion news for the coming season.

Resist that Impulse!

Accessories are less important than they've ever been. Junk jewellery is practically a dead pigeon. Style-setters this year are determined to have us simple and clean-cut. A gay belt, a necklace of pearls or bright beads, and button earrings for dates along with crisp hankies, are about the works. course hair accessories go wild and you'll feel practically nude without bows or flowers. .

You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"

1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!



2- "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive, carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution." for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive tis-sues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lyso! disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND...I can't complain about any love shortage now!





Check this with your Dector

Lysol is Non-caustic gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not car-

alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.).

Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for femining hygiene. Cleanly adour—discontinuous processing and the serious control of feminine hygiene. Cleanly edour—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps appears after use. Lasting—Lys full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

For FREE booklet (in plain envelope) about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lysol Ltd., Dept. 116, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ont.

dress			

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Class Collection
You're still betting right when you get the biggest part of your wardrobe

actresses, dancers, and movie stars (see our Teens' Routines on page 33) will be right in there with you, fighting too-rich foods and stocking up on vitamins. It's a good idea, too, to cut down on hot drinks, specially in warm weather, as perspiration aids and abets acne by keeping the skin moist.

Along with soap and water cleansing, sunlight is one of the strongest weapons for offensive action. Expose that face of yours, or any other part that shows signs of blemishes, to direct rays of the sun. In winter sun lamp treatments are a splendid substitute. If possible, keep your skin a healthy brown color all the year round.

If Home Care Doesn't Work? Then see your doctor. If you feel you're doing all the right things and the pesky ailment still sticks with you, better have a heart-to-heart confab with the family physician. There are all sorts of ways he can help a really stubborn case. He'll give you a complete physical check-up to find out if you're anaemic-or if you're deficient in certain vitamins. Vaccines are often used with fine results, and successful treatment is being given by X-ray-but these of course must be handled by an expert.

Cheer Up, Chum! You're at a pretty impressionable age right now and it's awfully important you don't let this acne pest throw you. When you're feeling down in the mouth and antisocial, remember this:

(1) Acne is not contagious.

(2) It's usually just a passing phase of the growing-up process.

(3) Given proper treatment, it won't leave any hangover of disfiguring scars.

(4) There are so many, many others, your age, in the same boat.

(5) No one else notices or worries about your face nearly as much as you do! •

What They've Found Out About Us

Continued from page 16

findings that, in general, women are better producers on monotonous jobs (perhaps because of generations of house tending). For instance, they are found to be 50% to 100% faster workers than men in the wiring of airplane instrument

Women are also tops in work which requires quickness or delicacy of hand motion. Directors of the Ontario Farm Service scheme say that girls pick fruit more carefully and with more skill than men, and take the job more seriously.

BUT HERE'S the kick-back on all our skill and quickness. We're not so cool or ingenious in an emergency or a crisis. In other words, we don't care what makes it work. There were a lot of women automobile drivers pre-war; but only one in a thousand knew what really made the wheels go round. What's more, a chief instructor of an RCAF Wireless School says it's hard to make women understand or care. The instructor has had special success in training girls in wireless and in the new Radio Telephone Operations to which they have just been admitted. But early in the game he learned to stop trying to teach women just what causes it all.

"Either they haven't the ability to understand involved mechanical or scientific stuff—or they're not inter-ested, on the average," he says. "But that doesn't mean that they don't make cracking good operators. them how to operate and what to do in ground work, at least, they can do just as well."

Same goes for munitions plants. You'll often hear girls discussing their output or their skill, but in visits to dozens of plants and talks with hundreds of women I've yet to hear one able to explain to me just why her particular machine does exactly what it does—in the scientific sense. (Besides, I'm not

interested, either.)

With men, on the other hand, it is frequently the mechanism of the machine that has the great attraction.

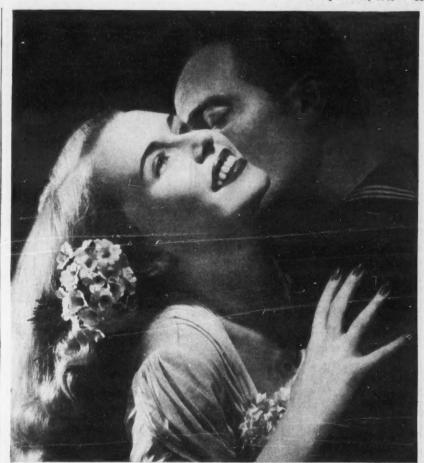
In many classes for wireless, motor mechanics, etc., women take top marks. But they need as high or a higher

percentage in the classroom to come up to men when they're out on their own, according to instructors. It's that old story of working better under direction and not having such a quick and decisive co-ordination when quick action is necessary.

WE LACK confidence. Of course there's the know-it-all girl in every plant or barracks. But on the whole, directors of women in their various new fields have discovered that women start to work with a definite inferiority complex about their abilities. One of the joys of psychologists in the armed forces has been to "bring out" hundreds of girls— particularly from the hardest-hit depression areas of the West-when they get into uniform. Not only will many of them be really well trained for civilian jobs after the war, but they'll go out with a sense of confidence in their own ability. They've measured their stature with other women, and with men workers, too, in many cases, and know they can tackle as big a job as anyone,

in their line.
At the RCAF wireless school, the O.C. found that girls were particularly nervous about starting in so new a field as wireless. So he uses a bit of good psychology. When the girls first come in, he starts them fooling around with electric cord and household equipment. In no time at all they can splice wires and do simple repairs on toasters, irons and so on. This gives them confidence and they are able to approach their wireless job without tremors. Another result, says the instructor, will be a lot fewer telephone calls to the repair man in peacetime, when some little thing goes wrong with the kitchen equipment.

WE'RE MORE erratic. No doubt about it, there are times when even the best of us seem to be doing an emotional tight-rope walk—according to the men who watch us on the job. They're right. Since women entered industry and the armed forces in large numbers, there have been more tears, absenteeism, jitters and up-and-down production charts than ever before. It can be



If you want him to whisper... Your Hands hold my Heart

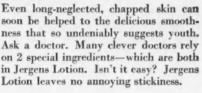


Never allow your hands to disappoint him with a harsh touch, a too-old look. Hands often in water run this risk, because water draws the natural beauty-protecting mois-ture from your hand skin. So-



Take instant steps to furnish your hand skin with plenty of the softening mois-ture it needs. Simply use Jergens Lotion -and use it regularly. And you give your hands specialized care that's almost professional; care that helps prevent upsetting roughness and chapping.

Receive Compliments_



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

A Fact to Remember-GIRLS IN AIRPLANE FACTORIES USE

JERGENS LOTION, 3 TO I. JERGENS LOTION, 3 TO I.

It's so—of these modern girls who work in airplane factories, you'll find 3 times as many use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care. (Made in Canada)









blend of waxes makes leather wear longer. The armed forces use lots of



SHOE POLISH

10¢ a TIN—BLACK, BROWN, TAN

Acne ... A Beauty Blight

By Adele White

GATHER ROUND, you young 'uns, and let's go into a huddle over that plague of plagues, a blotchy skin— "acne" as the doctor calls it.

Just when you're feeling pretty grown up-when the jive and jitterbug era is on the rise—seems old Ma Nature pulls a nasty skin game on you. Don't let it get you down. The harm acne does in the long run can be measured by the size of the inferiority complex it builds up in you. It may cause you to do a hermit act and avoid those erstwhile pals who swank around minus mark or blemish on their smug little faces; you swear off going places with the gang, feeling you do your best work in a blackout. In other words, the woes have got you in their clutches. Well-let's look at it from this angle. Perhaps it's the first serious problem you've had to tackle all by yourself. How are you going to face up to it? Hang your head and mope, or DO something? In the majority of cases, simple but regular treatment will clear up the whole trouble.

What IsAcne? It's an inflammatory skin ailment caused by overactivity of the glands under the surface of the skin. It's apt to hit the teens hardest because that's a time when these glands are working overtime-the pores of your skin can't handle all the output, so they become clogged and susceptible to infection.

Acne flourishes on moist oily skin. Your first line of attack, therefore, should be with soap and waterthorough sudsing and cleansing of the face night and morning. Lather vigorously for a couple of minutes at a time, rinse and blot dry, using a fresh towel each time so you won't spread infection from one spot to another. Avoid oily face creams. You can use a lotion of calomine and zinc oxide each night and leave it on to soothe and heal while you sleep.

Have a bath at least once a day, followed by a brisk rub-down with a rough bath towel to stimulate circulation. Weekly shampoos are a definite must so that your scalp will be kept clean and free from dandruff. And here's a word of warning. Watch your hand-work—don't be a face rubber or a head scratcher! Fingernails are one of the worst germ spreaders.

Watch That Diet! As defensive action in this fight against acne, a simple nourishing diet is awfully important. Cut out chocolate, pastry, ice cream and greasy or highly seasoned foods. Drink lots of water-have a glass as an eye-opener, another mid-morning, two glasses at 4.30 p.m. when the rest of the crowd are imbibing soda fountain drinks, and a glass at night before bedding down. Eat vegetables and green salads galore; substitute fruit for rich pastry desserts. You'll find yourself in very good company following this diet. Athletes getting into condition for the football and hockey season-



Capture the spirit of today with Military Red...an exciting, gay Don Juan lipstick shade. You'll like its firm consistency— its creamy-smoothness—the alluring freshness it imparts to your lips! It's a time-saver, too—because it stays on for hours. No need to retouch your lips constantly!

DeLuxe Size Don Juan Lipstick in fashion shades at \$1.10. Refills 60¢. Also try Don Juan Face Powder, \$1.10 and Rouge 75¢. At drug and department stores. Trial sizes



New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely **Stops Perspiration**



- 1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
- 2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
- 3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
- 4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
- 5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



39¢ a jar (Also in 15¢ and 59¢ [ars) Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

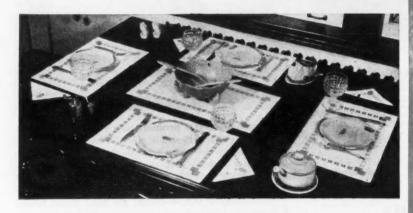
NEEDLECRAFT Marie Le Cerf



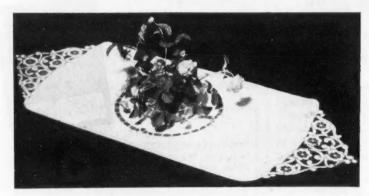
Taffeta silk jacket and bootees for a baby boy or girl — be sure to specify pink or blue — with fine white rayon silk lining for jacket or bootees. The jacket can also be supplied in heavy weight white wool crepe, but this is stamped for scalloping all around and is not lined. The taffeta jacket is priced at \$1.50, cottons for working, 20 cents. Wool jacket is \$1.00, cottons, 27 cents. Bootees with cottons for working and ribbon ties, 50 cents. Order Nos. Jacket, 6C; Bootees. 7C.

Quilted cushion in classical design. Stamped on taffeta silk in black, old gold or French rose, size 14 x 19 inches with double padding and muslin backing —\$1.50; cottons for working in self or contrasting color, 10 cents; a form can be supplied at 60 cents. Order No. 9C.





Cross-stitch luncheon mats. Lovely when worked in tawny colors — orange, rust and chocolate brown — but may be worked in any 3 colors you choose. Stamped on peasant linen in oyster shade, place mats, about 12 x 18 inches, are 25 cents each; centre mat, about 12 x 21 inches, 35 cents; and 12-inch serviettes, 15 cents each. These mats can also be supplied on finest cream or white Irish linen; place mats are 35 cents each; centre mat, 45 cents, and 12-inch serviettes, 20 cents each. Cottons for working a 4-place set, 50 cents. Order No. 10C.



Cutwork runner. An elaborate design with a minimum of cutwork, for table or buffet. Stamped on heavy cutwork linen in cream or deep ecru, size 18 x 45 inches — \$1.00; cottons for working, 30 cents. Order No. 11C.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine. 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out of town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.

"If he spanks me, I'm gonna run away from home!"



1. It was one of those awful scenes that can leave a family feeling unhappy for days. I'd spent the afternoon at Cousin Sally's, leaving Timmy and Big Tim home together . . . well,

Timmy needed a laxative, but he balked at the bad-tasting medicine, so his father tried to force it down him. Timmy shrieked and struggled, and Big Tim lost his temper . . .



2. He'd just gone for the hair brush as I got home, and it made my heart ache to hear Timmy threatening to run away if he got spanked. I decided there must be some way to avoid these scenes at laxative time.



3. "Tim," I said, "maybe we're at fault about this. Let's call Sally. She used to be a nurse, you know." Tim agreed anything was worth trying, so I phoned Sally. "Heavens!" she said, "you shouldn't force medicine down the child.



4. "Forcing can upset his whole nervous system. Give him a pleasant-tasting laxative... Castoria. It's made especially for children. They like to take it. And it's effective, yet safe and gentle. Why not try it?"



5. That night, our druggist told us he always recommended Castoria. He said many doctors approve it, too, because it's a laxative made especially for children. I was convinced and got the money-saving Family Size.



6. Timmy took Castoria like a lamb, and just *loved* the taste. It worked wonderfully, too. Since then the only use Big Tim has for the hair brush is to brush his hair.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



1. Senna, obtained from the leaf of the Cassia plant, is the chief ingredient of Castoria.

2. Medical literature contains many favorable references to senna as a gentle and effective laxative ingredient...

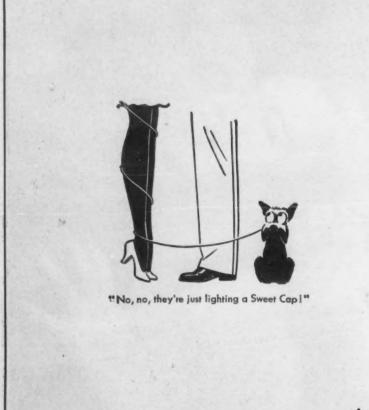




3. Seldom does senna disturb the appetite and digestion, or cause nausea...

4. Senna works primarily in the lower bowel, with an almost natural action.





SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



controlled, but can't be eradicated. When it is, the eternal feminine will have lost her eternal mystery.

Already the wise men of the country have learned to distinguish between the two brands of that old black magic—the use of tears. Several bosses—including the head of a fleet of elevator girls, the O.C. of a training school, and the production chief of a munitions plant—said they had been fooled at first by the girl who could "turn 'em on!" But no more. She's quickly dealt with. It's the one who can't hold 'em back who causes them worry. Usually the personnel worker can get to the source of the trouble. In any event, there are fewer tears as more women become old hands at working, and as more of their problems on and off the job are straightened out.

Absenteeism has been definitely higher among women than men.

One reason is physical. Women can't always stand up to the job as men can. But with healthy living, good food and careful medical examinations, more and more of them go right through day after day.

Absenteeism is associated, too, with the fact that a great many women workers today are doing two jobs—one at home and one at the office. As soon as they know that their shopping can be coped with and their children are in good hands, they're back on the job, full time.

Many war industries report that when children are properly cared for, married women and those with dependents make the best workers. They, and the older women, have a greater sense of responsibility than the young fry fresh from school.

Yes, we're more emotional—and that fact, once recognized, can be used to advantage. For instance an all-woman plant in Detroit, making machine-gun, airplane and tank parts, was suffering from a high rate of absenteeism and a dropping production rate. The girls were getting bored with the routine. So music was installed—everything from soft and sweet to swing and hot—and production was stepped up nearly 40%. The musical treatment hasn't had such a stimulating effect on men workers, where it's been tried.

WE DON'T know our strength. Most women overestimate their strength and their health rating, according to medical staffs in the armed forces and munition plants. The average woman's strength is 570-1000ths of a man's, and her resistance 679-1000ths, according to the National Safety Council. She should not lift more than 35% of her body weight.

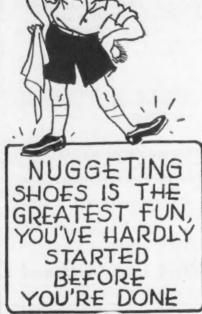
Many women will pooh-pooh this, but they usually suffer if they do. Some factories now have regulations

covering the weight that can be lifted by women employees.

Women work better on shorter shifts than men do—one Canadian plant found that by cutting its nine-hour shift to one of eight and a half hours, the women's production increased. Also, women need more frequent rest periods and longer lunch periods (at least 30 minutes). And here's an interesting point: tests have shown that women are at their best early in the day, while men take time to get going.

Women, once trained to factory or army routine, will come to the medical

• Continued on page 75





BLACK, BLUE and ALL SHADES of BROWN



"ONE-A-DAY" brand tablets provide you with vitamins A and D for a very small outlay. One tablet taken each day by adult or child supplies the same amount of vitamins A and D as 1½ teaspoonfuls of minimum cod liver oil. (5,000 international units of A and 500 of D). They are sugar coated and have a pleasant flavor. May be swallowed whole, or chewed, or crushed and added to food or drink. Extremely easy to give to children. The cost is only one cent a day if you buy the family size package. To get vitamins A and D that are so helpful at this time of the year, take ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin A and D Tablets. Look for the big figure 1 on the yellow label.

30 tablets—one month's supply for one person... 45e

30 tablets—one month's supply for one person... 45c
90 tablets—one month's supply for family of 3...\$1.00
180 tablets—one month's supply for family of 6...\$1.80

Made by Miles Laboratories. Toronto





By Helen G. Campbell

TOUNG CANADA starts back to school. Once more 'rithmetics and readers are brought out, and scores of lunch boxes are taken down from their summer resting place. Everybody—and everything—is back on the job, the children grappling with lessons and mother tackling the problem of providing her growing family with the right kind of food.

In my day at the little red schoolhouse all that was asked of our dinner pail was that it be full and filling. It's different now in the light of good nutrition, when we know that quality is as important as quantity and that well-thought-out and well-prepared meals not only make study

easier, but play more fun.

No lunch can turn the trick by itself; it takes the daily trio-breakfast, lunch and dinner-to

add to your child's stature and give him or her a chance to get on in the world. So one secret of good planning is to think of the day's meals in relation to each other, making them work together to supply the "musts" of a properly balanced diet. Then put some pleasure into balanced diet. Then put some pleasure into them. Don't ask the youngsters to take their minerals and vitamins the hard way from a sense of duty, but see that your meals are so good that you won't have to harp on the "good for you" angle.

Eight o'clock-and all's well

Or is it? Many a school child sits down to a hurried skimpy breakfast, instead of the hot and hearty one he really should have. It's a long time since last night's dinner and there's a big day ahead, so this first meal has an important job to do. Breakfast should provide about one quarter to one third of the food required and should be even more enjoyable than that last cat-nap. Here's the kind that's worth getting up for:

FRUIT-fresh, stewed, dried or canned. Or fruit or tomato juice.

CEREAL-with milk. Serve different kinds, change-about, but use the whole-grain ones frequently. Go easy on the sugar, or try molasses on porridge sometimes. A sprinkling of wheat germ adds value. Fruit and cereals are good

MAIN COURSE-nutritious, but not heavy. Eggs, creamed fish, codfish cake and broiled tomatoes, liver or kidney, broiled bologna slices, a bit of bacon if you can get it. But never the

same old thing every morning.

MILK to drink. Or cocoa for variety.

TOAST-crispy brown, with butter; wholewheat or Canada-approved bread is the best bet.

Now with face scrubbed, hair slicked and a good breakfast under the belt, any youngster is ready for hard work at school or fun and games

If they carry their lunch

Then you're for it! Anyone who has ever filled a lunch box five days of the week knows that the problem is a bit of a poser. Just the same, a mighty nice meal can be packed and carried, provided you take the trouble to follow a good pattern and give it as much consideration as the other two meals. The right idea is to think of them beforehand and fit them together, supplementary like. What you may lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts.

Set this as your standard for the lunch that goes to school:

Some protein food-meat, fish, eggs, cheese or

Some fruit or vegetable—other than potato. Milk to drink. Or in the form of soup or

Remembering that variety is the spice of life and menus, use these foods and others in as many different ways as you can think of. The vacuum bottle may contain hot soup one day, cold tomato juice the next, cocoa another, and ever so often one of the many suitable main dishes—stew, creamed fish, meat or eggs, macaroni and cheese, baked beans and so on.

Sandwiches-the mainstay of the carried kit are best made from whole-wheat or Canadaapproved bread. But rye, raisin and fancy loaves can be used for variety, and the list of fillings is as long as your arm.

Meat—sliced or minced. With or without

Continued on next page



Your 'round the clock chef!

FRIGIDAIRE

gives you time-saving ideas for quick 'n easy meals



You may not know it, but your refrigerator is one of the best time-finders you've got! Right now, when you are busy managing a household and doing your utmost to help win the war, it can be especially helpful.

With your refrigerator, you can market when most convenient, and buy for days ahead. You can prepare



Muffins for breakfast bring smiles of delight from every member of the family. They are easy to make and are ready in a jiffy with the help of your refrigerator. Most of the work can be done the night before! To make muffins, measure and combine all dry ingredients in a mixing bowl ready for liquid to be added in the morning. Grease pans at the same time. Cover and store mixture in your refrigerator. Waffle and pancake batter can be completely mixed the night before and stored in a covered container in your refrigerator ready for instant use.

dishes or even entire meals in advance, then turn them over to your refrigerator for safe-keeping. When mealgetting time rolls around your food is all ready to serve or to cook. Here are but a few of many ways your refrigerator can help you with meal preparation and allow you to budget your time to best advantage!



Before leaving for the day get a head start on tonight's dinner. Clean and prepare vegetables ready to cook. Cover and store them in your refrigerator. Don't let them stand in water or they will lose food value. Cook and store unpeeled potatoes—tonight they can be quickly fried or creamed. Leaving "jackets" on avoids peeling waste and saves vitamins. Greens for salad can also be prepared and put in vegetable pan. Marinate or add salad dressing just before serving. Or, if you want to save time, prepare and store raw carrot or celery sticks to take the place of salad.

For meals in a hurry . . .

Keep sandwich spreads in covered refrigerator jars. Ideas for making and keeping spreads are given on Page 23 of WARTIME SUGGESTIONS.**

Keep stewed fruits or gelatine salads stored for quick use. Keep custards or gelatine desserts handy on shelf just below freezer. Keep frozen creams in freezer.

Keep dough for refrigerator rolls, or pastry, ready in refrigerator. Chilled pastry dough is more tender, more flaky!



Solve the dessert problem with Vanilla Cream, quick 'n easy to make. Beat 2 eggs until lemon colored. Add gradually ½ to ¾ cup granulated sugar (according to sweetness desired) and continue beating until thick. Combine with 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ cups milk and 1½ cups coffee cream. Pour into tray and freeze with temperature control at coldest position. When frozen, remove to bowl; add 1 tablespoon vanilla and whip with electric or hand beater until mix becomes light and creamy. Return quickly to freezing tray and allow to finish freezing, then turn temperature control halfway back to normal to hold dessert until serving time.

HOW TO SAVE LAST MINUTE TIME



At a moment's notice your refrigerator can practically hand you a ready-to-serve meal... if you have planned ahead! For example, when coupons permit and you have a roast, pot roast, or the like for the weekend, get one large enough for another meal later in the week. Keep the remainder covered in your refrigerator. During the week, serve it sliced cold, along with potato salad made and stored, covered, the night before. Give the meal added zest with a hot soup made from soup stock kept in your refrigerator. See pages 20-21 of wartime suggestions* for soup stock and soup recipes.



Here's a quick med that can be built around a meat loaf, stew, or ragout, made and stored in advance. To make a delicious jellied meat loaf, sprinkle 1 tbsp. gelatine over ½ cup cold water; let stand 5 minutes. Add ¾ cup boiling water, 1 tsp. salt; stir, chill. When mixture begins to thicken, add 1½ tsps. grated onion, 1 tbsp. prepared horseradish, ½ cup mayonnaise. Blend. Fold in 2½ cups coarsely ground cooked beef, 1 cup chopped celery. Turn into loaf pan first dipped in cold water. Chill overnight. Add a hot vegetable. Serves 4-6.

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Leaside, Ontario
Peacetime Builders of Household Refrigerators, Electric Ranges, Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners

FREE! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS *

This valuable 36-page booklet is filled with many other ideas and dozens of practical suggestions to help make your refrigerator serve better, last longer. Get your free copy now from any Frigidaire Dealer, or mail the coupon.



FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED Dept. C46, LEASIDE, ONTARIO.

Please send me your free WARTIME SUGGESTIONS

Name
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Address

City

toring the Crops Sketches by Nancy Caudle by Helen G. Campbell

TIME TO be thinking of winter quarters for the surplus crop from your victory garden. Proper storage of the fruits and vegetables you've grown or laid in will preserve their nutritive value and provide you with good eating for

What To Store

Squash, pumpkins, onions, cabbage, potatoes, late celery, salsify, partly ripened tomatoes. Root crops, such as carrots, beets, parsnips and turnips. Apples and winter pears. Dried herbs.

Preparation For Wintering

Store only fully matured prime products. Sort and discard bruised, overripe, frost-bitten and other imperfect ones. Don't harbor insects. Handle gently. Harvest before the frost and, if possible, dig root vegetables when the soil is dry. Have vegetables clean (lightly rub off excess soil, but don't wash them). Wipe squash with a damp

cloth if earth clings. Twist the tops off beets and cut them from carrots, leaving an inch or so. Cure onions by spreading out and leaving in the sun or in a dry airy place until husks are dry. Remove tops.

Where To Store

Different vegetables like different

Dry and warm (50-60 deg. Fahr.)squash and pumpkin.

Dry and cool (33-40 deg. Fahr.)—

Moist and cool (33-38 deg. Fahr.)carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips, cab-bage, apples and pears. (Around 38-40 deg. Fahr. for potatoes.)

Everything In Its Place

Squash and pumpkins: Give them space on shelves near the furnace or in a moderately warm part of your cellar. Or if your attic would make them feel comfortable, that's a good spot. No crowding. Wrap in newspaper to protect from light and bruising.

Onions: After curing, spread on racks or trays, or put into ventilated baskets or loosely woven bags, and keep in a cool attic. ♣ Continued on page 62





Main Sketch: Basement root room showing handy arrangement of fruits and vegetables and indi-cating insulated dividing walls. View of warmer dry cellar storage beyond. Small sketch shows cross section of outdoor cabbage trench. Store fall products in garage till freezing weather.



SAVOURY, FLAVOURY "LITTLE LAMB..BIG PIE!"



MAGIC-SAVOURY LAMB PIE

1 lb. lamb 2 thsps. fat 2 cups water 4 small onions Sliver of garlic 2 thsps. catsup 3 thsps. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

2 cups sliced carrots
2 cups cubed

potatoes 1 thsp. flour mixed with cold water (peas if desired)

Cut the meat in small pieces, flour lightly and brown in the hot fat. Add the water, onions, garlic, catsup and seasonings, and simmer ½ hour. Add the carrots and potatoes, and cook till tender. Stir in the mixed flour and water, and keep hot.

MAKE SAVOURY BISCUIT CRUST

To your Standard Magic biscuit recipe (using 2 cups flour) . . . add to the milk, before you mix it in, 1 table-spoon catsup and ½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce. Roll out on floured board fit over the lamb mixture in a board, fit over the lamb mixture in a casserole—and bake in hot (425 degree) oven about 15 minutes. M-m-m! It's good!



THIS meat-thrifty, taste-tempting Savoury Lamb Pie extends the good meat flavour, satisfies sharp appetites, costs little!

At the first tasty bite of the tender, crusty MAGIC Biscuit topping you'll see why Magic Baking Powder has been a favourite for three generations. You can trust Magic, always, for finest results . . . in any baking recipe. It's so wholesome! So dependable!

Now that your food is more precious than ever, don't risk a single baked-food disappointment. Ensure success . . . with Magic Baking Powder.





Maybe you're not a wolf for Shirriff's Desserts, but if you are, we are sorry because we can't supply the full demand nowadays. All sweetened food products must be shared equally. But when you do see that Shirriff's label, you know you can buy with confidence because Shirriff's products will continue to be as good and as delicious as always.

SHIRRIFF'S NEW DESSERTS

Made by the makers of Shirriff's Marmalade and Shirriff's Lushu

FACTS ABOUT "WARTIME" RUBBER JAR RINGS

ADDITIONAL jar rings will be available to provide for the increased demands of wartime preserving. But, to conserve rubber, and to free crude rubber for essential war needs, all jar rings are now made from reclaimed rubber.

Tests have proved, beyond doubt, that thinner jar rings can be used on screw-top jars, such as "Gem" and "Crown", with absolute satisfaction, and extensive tests have proved that Viceroy Jar Rings seal jars effectively and do not in any way affect the taste, colour or odor of fruit, vegetables or other foods.

It has always been emphasized-It has always been emphasized— even when rings were made of crude rubber—that NEW jar rings should be used each season—because all rub-ber jar rings lose some sealing effi-ciency when compressed for a long period of time.

Provided proper care is taken to follow established preserving prac-tices and to ensure that all preserving equipment, including jars and metal rings, is in good order, housewives may be confident that all food pre-served will keep in perfect condition.

Follow these Suggestions TO INSURE SATISFACTORY RESULTS IN PRESERVING

An authoritative source offers the following suppresent disappointment and loss of food when pr

Make sure that there are no cracks in glass jars.

Check to see that glass tops are flat and that there are no protruding ridges which might cause a poor seal.

the glass all around. If jars with wire-type tops are used make sure that wires are not

Always use new jar rings and make sure that they are correct size and type for the jars. Be careful to see that sine screw tops are screwed down tightly; in extreme cases use two rubber rings to make sure of an absolute

Do not allow jars with rubber rings in place to be exposed to excessive heat.

Viceroy Manufacturing Company Limited *

Fish-with a dash of vinegar, lemon juice or chopped parsley.

Eggs—scrambled or chopped and mixed with diced vegetables. Cheese—sliced or mashed. Plain or

in combination.

Prepared Sandwich Pastes-with chili sauce, ketchup or other pepperuppers.

Baked Beans-mashed and smartly seasoned.

Vegetables-finely chopped, shredded, blended together and lightly mixed with salad dressing.

Cut sandwiches in easy-to-handle sizes, leave on the crusts and spread the butter and filling right to the edge.

For something crunchy to chew on, include a small carton of salad or a few celery stalks, fingers of raw carrot or turnip, bits of cauliflower, radishes, whole tomatoes, and the like.

Slip in any fruit in season-apple, pear, peach, plums, orange or another good carrier. Baked apples, stewed or canned fruit and juicy varieties are portable if packed in small glass jars. So is the milk pudding you'll sometimes send along. Squashy foods in the sweet line had better be ruled out, but doughnuts, cupcakes, cookies, gingerbread, loaf cake and tartlets are suitable, and as popular as Saturday morning.

If a hot dish is provided at school, your children are in luck. So are you, but you mustn't forget that the quantity and quality of the lunch from home is still important. Plan and pack it to round out the meal from a nutritive as well as an appetizing angle.

When they troop home at noon

The problem is simplified, but you're not out from under altogether. Simple, well-planned fare should be waiting for them to be eaten in peace and comfort with cheerful companions. It can and ought to be a meal that all the family will enjoy, supplying minerals, vitamins, proteins, and other essentials in an easily digested, palatable and attractive form with enough variety from day to day to keep the interest keen. You're not likely to go far wrong if you follow the ordinary common-sense rules for menu planning, considering each dish in relation to the others and each meal as about one third of the day's food. Keep in mind the needs of active growing youngsters and work into each lunch in some way, meat or meat substitute, fruit or vegetable and milk. From there you can add the extras.

Should they have a "piece?"

Provided it's something simple, not too rich and not too sweet. A glass of milk and an oatmeal cookie or gingersnap, tomato juice and plain biscuit or thin bread and butter, an orange, apple or other fruit will "stay the stummick" without taking away the appetite for dinner, which will be a good square meal served early so that the children can get to bed in good time. But too much piecing isn't a good thing.

An apple for the teacher

An orchid to her too, if she preaches and practices proper diet. Many teachers have earned a reward—whether or not they get it—by encouraging mothers to plan the right kind of meals and encouraging the children to eat them. Or by organizing a midmorning snack or hot school lunch, and making the routine of preparation and serving a training in teamwork. 4





To be sure of getting light, tooth-some cake donuts, look for the Tested Quality Seal of Approval on the package.
Only donuts made according to carefully controlled Tested Quality formulae are identified with this seal. Make it your guide to delicious, nutritious donuts.

GOOD NUTRITION Plus EATING PLEASURE

LONGER LIFE

for your ELECTRIC APPLIANCES



The men who made your Westinghouse appliances are busy making...or using...the essential weapons of war. Service men are fewer and busier than ever before. So it's not only good sense and economy to take care of your electric appliances ...it's a downright wartime necessity. Here are a few pointers that will help you to enjoy the long, trouble-free service that your Westinghouse appliances were designed and built to give you. But, if anything should go wrong, call your Westinghouse dealer for expert efficient service.



YOUR REFRIGERATOR

Defrost regularly according to instructions. Empty drip water and clean refrigerator.

Wash inside of refrigerator with baking soda and water each time the refrigerator is defrosted. Don't forget the freezer—that's where food odors collect.

Avoid overloading the refrigerator with food —it stops necessary air circulation.

Be sure the cold control is set to give you the proper food compartment temperature. 40° is safe.

The condenser of your refrigerator needs periodic cleaning. Have your dealer or serviceman do this and advise how often it should be repeated. Hermetically-sealed units do not require oiling or adjusting.

Don't open your refrigerator any oftener than necessary. And close the door as rapidly as possible. Needless opening of the door makes the refrigerator work harder and wastes electricity.

YOUR RANGE

Wash outside of range with warm soapy water, when cool.

Avoid letting spilled food dry or harden on range. Food spilled on open surface units should be burned off. Avoid using stiff brush or sharp instrument.

Most closed units can be raised for cleaning. Follow manufacturer's instructions.

Wipe oven with damp cloth after use. Remove spilled food when oven has cooled.

Have your dealer or serviceman check range occasionally, to make sure it is "sitting level" on the floor, that the vent is clean, that the units are operating satisfactorily, and that wiring is in tiptop shape.

YOUR TOASTER

Be careful about cleaning your toaster. Never, never put it in water. Use a damp—not wet—cloth to wipe off the outside. Use a small paint brush or a feather to remove crumbs. Use a mild abrasive if you must to take off stains or butter, but be discreet about it. The heating element cleans itself when you turn on the current.

YOUR VACUUM CLEANER

Empty dust bag every time cleaner is used. Keep brushes free from hair and threads. Replace brushes if tufts become worn. Avoid running cleaner over pins, nails, coins or other metal objects. Pick them up by hand. Clean brushes and attachments, after using. Follow instructions for cleaning and oiling.

YOUR IRON

Keep bottom of iron clean. Wait until iron is cool, then wipe off with a damp cloth. If necessary, use scapsuds or a mild scouring powder. Never immerse the iron in water. Avoid ironing over buttons, hooks, zippers or other hard articles.

Avoid dropping the iron.

Be sure iron is cold before putting away. Replace the connecting cord at the first sign of wear. Keep cord away from hot iron.

YOUR COFFEE MAKER

If yours is a glass coffee maker with a cloth filter, be sure to rinse filter-cloth thoroughly with cold water after each using. Between usings, keep the cloth in a glass of cold water. If you have a metal coffee maker, every once in a while, substitute a tablespoon of baking soda for the coffee, add water, and proceed just as though you were making coffee. This will keep your coffee maker sweet and clean.

YOUR ELECTRIC WASHER

Drain immediately after washing is done. Rinse tub thoroughly after each washing. Remove agitator and rinse.

Remove any soap curd, or lint, that remain in tub or on agitator with soft cloth or sponge. Rolls and frame of wringer should be wiped dry. Release pressure on rolls when not in use. Saves the spring and the rubber.

Leave cover off tub until all dampness has evaporated, to prevent musty odor.

Connecting cord should be wiped dry and carefully wound up after use.

ALL YOUR APPLIANCES

Keep cords on electric appliances free from knots and kinks. They last longer.

Form the habit of promptly pulling out plugs on electric heating appliances when they are not in use. You'll save lots of electricity.

Watch for worn cords and broken sockets. They may cause short circuits and blown fuses. Have them repaired at the first sign of wear.

Don't disconnect appliances by pulling on the cord. Grasp the plug itself, and remove with a firm, quick motion.

Keep electric appliances and cords dry, always. Never touch them with wet hands.

WHEN YOU NEED REPAIRS

Don't worry along with appliances that aren't up to snuff. Take them to your Westinghouse retailer. Not only can he repair your appliances, but he can also give them a "quick checkup" just to be sure that everything is working properly. If he doesn't do the job himself, he'll arrange it for you.

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Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS FOR INDUSTRY AND THE HOME



N. Ya	1. BREAKFAST Tomato Juice Cereal Kippers Toast Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Celery, Cheese and Spaghetti Casserole Head Lettuce Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	DINNER Stuffed Spare Ribs Mashed Potatoes Spinach Peach Pie Coffee Tea		a a	1
	Grape Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Eggplant Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Apple Sauce Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Individual Meat Pies Mashed Potatces Fried Tomatoes and Green Peppers Baked Vanilla Custard Coffee Tea			
M	3. Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Sliced Tomatoes Biscuits Cheese Tea Cocoa	Oven-fried Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Fresh Peach Crisp 'Coffee Tea		137	
D	Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Biscuits Conserve Coffee Tea	Corn on the Cob Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Prunes (from Friday) Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Broiled Kidneys and Sausa, es Creamed Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Grape Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea		Will)	1
Ľ	(Sunday) Melon Whole Wheat Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Celery Hearts Bowl of Fresh Fruits Lemon Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Branburgers Browned Potatoes Medley of Garden Vegetables Fresh Plum Pie Coffee Tea			
A	Grapes Cereal Marmalade Coffee Tea	(Picnic Supper) Assorted Sandwiches Whole Tomatoes Raw Carrot Strips Peaches Tarts Hot or Cold Chocolate Milk Drink	Chicken-Neodle Soup Assorted Cold Meats Mustard Relish Pan-fried Potatoes Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee	3		1
L	7. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Curried Vegetables and Eggs Pear and Orange Salad Cake Tea Cocoa	Crown Roast of Wieners Baked Potatoes Minted Carrots Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	Try this gutumn go	SQUASH SEASON	
9	8. Cold Tomatoes Savory Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes (with cheese) Colesiaw Baked Apples Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Veal with Celery and Noodles Swiss Chard Plum Roly-Poly Coffee Tea	onions, green peppe	ers and tomatoes. When ten n to taste with sult and pep cooking oil. Serve piping	der add cooked corn cut per and a little butter or
9	9. Orange Juice Whole Wheat Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Cheese Toast and Bologna Mixed Pickles Canned Berries Fruit Bread Tea	Beef-Liver Leaf Mashed Potatoes New Turnip Raisin Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	20. BREAKFAST Oranges Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Canned Berries Cookies Tea	DINNER Boiled Tongue Horseradish Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Tapioca Cream with Jelly Coffee Tea
OF THE	Grapes Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cold Beef-Liver Loaf Potato Salad with Tomato Wedges Brown Rolls Stewed Apples Cookies Tea	Baked Trout Potato Cakes Broccoli Jellied Pears Wafers Colfee Tea	Baked Apples Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Tea	Tomato Cocktail Grilled Smoked Fish Sliced Cucumber and Lettuce Salad Chilled Melon Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Tenderloin Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
M	11. Stewed Apples (From Friday) Creamed Trout on Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Mixed Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Tea Cocoa	Sausages in Barbecue Sauce Creamed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cup Cakes Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	Sliced Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee .ea	Casserole of Macaroni and Tongue Green Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Pocket Stuffed Lamb Flank Lyonnaise Potatoes Harvard Beets Steamed Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
0	12. (Sunday) Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Devilled Eggs Mixed Vegetable Salad Celery Curls Chilled Melon Ioed Fruit Punch	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Pork Hocks Lyonnaise Potatoes Succotash Ice Cream	Stewed Plums Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Peppers Tomato Soup Sauce Brown Bread Sliced Oranges and Pears Tea Cocoa	Sausage Cobbler Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Individual Baked Custards Coffee Tea
N	Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Sliced Fresh Bologna Coleslaw Stewed Prunes with Lemon Tea Cocoa	Tamale Pie Browned Potatoes Buttered Beets Baked Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea	24. Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Tea	Scalloped Eggplant Lettuce Slaw Stewed Pears with Lemon Orange Bread Tea Cocoa	Steamed Cod Egg Sauce French-fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee
IN	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Baked Beans (pre-cooked) Chili Sauce Apple and Celery Salad Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Lamb Stew ith Tomato Dumplings Pan-fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Prune Whip Coffee Tea	Cereal with Raisins Toasted Orange Bread Jam Coffee Cocoa	Pea Soup Cabbage and Celery Salad Tomato Jelly Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Lamb Ring with Parsley Potatoes Turnips Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea
T	Fresh Pears Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Cheese Fondue Baked Apples and Cream Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Broiled Fish Fillets Celery Sauce Parsley Potatoes Green Salad Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	26. (Sunday) Grape and Lemon Juice Fried Eggs Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese and Tomato Sandwiches Dill Pickles Fruit Cup Cake (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Short Ribs of Beef Browned Potatoes Baked Summer Squash Plum Roly-Poly Coffee Tea
П	Tomato Juice Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Co.fee Tea	Cream of Carrot Soup Corn on the Cob Stewed Pears Fresh Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Mashed Potatoes Beets Fresh Plum Crisp Coffee Tea	Orange Sections Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Fresh Pear and Cheese Salad Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Mustard Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Apple Betty Coffee Tea
11	Grapes Cereal Raisin Scones Coffee Tea	Chicken Haddie on Toast Lettuce Radishes Canned Berries Gingerbread Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Cauliflower au Gratin Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Cereal Fish Cakes Toast Coffee Tea	Meat and Vegetable Pie Biscuit Crust Baked Apples With Ginger Cookies Tea	Fried Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Mixed Vegetable Salad Bran Mufins Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Beef Pinwheels Baked Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Vanilla Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	Melon Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Scrambled Eggs Toast	Frankfurters Mustard Pan-fried Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Stewed Pears with Lemon Doughnuts Coffee Tea
Alberta o	19. (Sunday) Grapes Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Carrot and Cabbage Slaw on Lettuce Pickles Ice Cream Wafers Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes Corn Apple Shortcake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	30. Sliced Oranges Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Sardine Salad Baked Apples with Raisins Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Flank Steak Baked Potatoes Celery and Carrots Chocolate Blancmange Coffee Tea
	And the state of t	to the biocombinate or bandwith		So determine riserance second and	Distriction Chrysper Statemen	Made of the Control o



Branburgers, baked in oven, will extend your repertoire with ground beef.

One Coupon Meats

By M. LOIS CLIPSHAM

TTHE cost of one coupon-plus a few spondulicks-you can put enough meat on your platter to serve four, five, six or more.

By selecting the cuts that give you the highest return for your little piece of paper and combining these with unrationed foods you can make that weekly allowance go round with ease. A whale of a lot of lip-smacking dishes can be concocted with the help of cereals, vegetables, dumplings, macaroni, noodles or rice, biscuit crusts and stuffings. We'll start you on your way with a few tricks that are useful to tuck up any housekeeping sleeve.

Branburgers
(A Chatelaine Institute appro oved recipe)

Here's how to make six generous servings of savory meat patties. They cook in short order and give you an entirely new flavor. One pound of minced beef—one coupon.

- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped
- parsley 1 Cupful of milk or ½ cupful of canned evaporated milk and
- 1/2 cupful of water 1/4 Cupful of catsup
- 1 Cupful of ready-cooked bran
- 1 Pound of ground beef

Beat the egg slightly, add the remaining ingredients except the beef and soak until most of the moisture is taken up. Add the meat and mix thoroughly. Shape into 12 patties (21/2 inches in diameter). Bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for about 30 minutes or broil for 20 minutes. Gravy may be made with the pan drippings.

Tamale Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

One pound of ground beef is again the starting point. Combine it with cornmeal and it goes a long-and deliciousway. Hot tamale!

- 3 Cupfuls of milk or 11/2 cupfuls of canned evaporated milk and 11/2 cupfuls of water
- ½ Cupful of cornmeal
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- Pound of ground beef
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped
- parsley Pepper
- 21/2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of cooked drained tomatoes

Put 2 cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, add the cornmeal and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of the salt and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour into a greased baking dish and when slightly cool, line the bottom and sides with the mush. Fry the onion and beef in the dripping and add the parsley, pepper and remaining salt. Stir in the flour and add the remaining cupful of milk. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the tomatoes and pour into the baking dish. Bake in a hot oven-400 deg. Fahr.-for 20 to 30 minutes. Six servings.

Beef Pinwheels

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

whirl with biscuit dough will stretch a pound of hamburger into ten helpings. Serve with tomato soup sauce, creamed onions or peas.

Try these delicious main dishes - they're easy on the ration cards and on the housekeeping budget too.



West of Manitoba, this fine mayonnaise is sold as "Best Foods Mayonnaise".



CUCUMBERS, peppers and corn! Onions, carrots, beets! Cauliflowers, Onions, carrots, beets! Cauliflowers, cabbages, beans! Bring them all in from cabbages, beans: bring them and in from the garden, bring on the brine, the vine-gar, the mustard and other spices and make your own pickles. Everybody loves home-made pickles, so make lots of them and enjoy those mealtime compliments you'll get every time you serve

RIPE CUCUMBER RELISH

2 large ripe cucumbers
2 medium onions
3 tablespoons salt
4/4 cup flour
1 pint of vinegar
Peel and remove seeds from cucumbers.
Chop finely. Chop onions, add salt. Let stand 1/2 hour. Cook 10 minutes. Mix large ripe cue medium onio tablespoons flour, sugar, turmeric and mustard to a oth paste with vinegar. Add to les. Cook slowly 20 minutes. Seal pickles. C while hot.

PICKLED ONIONS IN MUSTARD SAUCE

MUSTARD SAUCE

Cover small onions with brine made with 1 quart boiling water and 3/4 cup salt. Let stand 2 days. Drain. Cover with another brine and let stand 2 days again; drain. Heat more fresh brine to boiling point, add onions and boil 3 minutes; drain. Cover with the following mustard sauce, pour while hot into clean hot jars. Seal.

MUSTARD SAUCE

2 tablespoons flour 1 teaspoon turmeric mustard

1/4 cup dry mustard
Heat the vinegar and stir in the combined dry ingredients. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Pour hot over onions.

KEEN'S

TOMATO KETCHUP

1/2 cup whole mixed spice 2 tablespoons mustard 1/2 cup salt 1 lb. sugar 1 pint vinegar

Wash, cut up the tomatoes, onions, garlic, and peppers, boil these with the spices (spice tied loosely in a cheese-cloth bag) until vegetables are soft. Rub through a sieve to remove the seeds and skins. To this sieved portion add the other ingredients and boil to the conother ingredients and boil to the consistency of a thick sauce.

> FREE! # 28-GUMMED LABELS FOR YOUR PICKLE JARS

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Station T, Montreal, for free, illustrated folder containing 11 tested recipes and 28 gummed labels for your pickle jars.





Tomatoes: Ripe tomatoes will not keep, but green ones which have just begun to color can be wrapped in newspaper and stored in a box in a warm part of the cellar. Or you can pull the vine and hang it from the ceiling.

Cabbage: Often stored outside on account of odor. Dig a shallow trench in a well-drained part of your garden and plant" the cabbages side by side in this. Drive stakes into the ground around the edge of the trench and make a covering frame of boards or wire netting, leaving an opening at one end to remove the heads as you need them. Bank the whole thing with alternate layers of soil and straw or leaves.

Cabbage can be stored by standing them upright with roots in sand on the cellar storage room floor. Or they may be placed on shelves one or two layers deep in the insulated root room.

A Storage Room

Root crops and winter fruits: provide the cool moist atmosphere which suits their natures, you will need a basement storage room which provides insulation against warm air from the furnace, controlled ventilation, darkness, proper temperature (33 to 40 deg.) sufficient humidity to prevent shrivelling.

A section of your cellar can be partitioned off for this purpose. Choose a corner as far as possible from the furnace and against an outside wall. Build an insulated wall to divide it from the rest of the basement. You can utilize used lumber for studding and insulating board for covering each side, making a double wall. Then pack the space between with insulating material such as dry sawdust or shavings. Use insulating board for the door and see that it fits tightly.

There should be a window-high up. A good idea is to build over one half of it a ventilating shaft which extends to within a few inches from the floor. Cool air comes in and down this chute and warm air escapes through the other half of the window. Maintain a steady temperature between 33 and 40 deg. by opening and closing the window according to the weather. If you have a shaft arrange some sort of device-a sliding pane or board at the opening or a valve or shut-off in the passage-for regulating the air intake. For accuracy, hang two thermometers-one near the floor and the other high.

The best floor is an earth one, but you can cover your cement floor with an inch or two of sand and give it an occasional sprinkling to keep the air moist. Lay down planks to walk on and prevent tracking soil into the kitchen.

Beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips can be arranged in heaps on the floor and covered with sand. If you want to put them in boxes, sprinkle sand on the bottom, then fill with vegetables and sand in alternate layers. Apples and pears keep well in hampers or baskets, placed on shelves in the coolest part of the storage room. Potatoes need coolness to prevent sprouting (40 deg. is ideal) but they turn black if they get too cold. Store in bags, boxes or baskets on a slatted rack which raises them off the floor and place by an inside wall away from the window where the temperature will be slightly higher than near the outside wall. Check with your thermometers and keep in the neighborhood of 38 to 40 deg. here.







Do This at Bedtime Tonight

If you go through restless nights—if you waken tired and nervous, unrefreshed—try taking a cup of *New*, *Improved* Ovaltine warm at bedtime.

A cup of warm Ovaltine taken just before going to bed helps to relieve that feeling of nervous tension. Its special food elements, processed for easy digestion, and its rich supply of Vitamins A, BI, and D and the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron help to replenish worn out muscle, nerve and body cells.

o why not try New, Improved Ovaltine? See if doesn't help you to waken up fresher and more doyant. Get a tin at your drug or food store.

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Please send me a sample of New, Improved Ovaltine and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).
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Address
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64M

Cut the lamb in two-inch pieces, removing any bones or fat. Season with salt and pepper and coat the pieces with flour. Fry out any lamb fat and brown the meat in this or in mild dripping. Add hot water to cover and simmer in a covered kettle for one hour or till the meat is almost tender. Add the onions, celery and fresh beans and cook till tender. If canned beans are used add when the other vegetables are cooked. Thicken the gravy with additional flour if necessary.

Tomato Dumplings

11/2 Cupfuls of flour 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder 2/3 Teaspoonful of salt 1/2 to 2/3 Cupful of tomato juice

again with the baking powder and salt. Add tomato juice to make a stiff batter. Drop by tablespoonfuls on top of the boiling-hot stew. Cover tightly and steam for 12 minutes.

Sausages in Barbecue Sauce

It's the sauce that does it this timedds glamour to an otherwise plain-Jane dish. Suitable for either top stove or oven cooking.

11/4 Pounds of sausages

1 Medium onion, chopped

2 Tablespoonfuls of dripping 2 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar

2 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar

1/4 Cupful of lemon juice

3/4 Cupful of catsup 1 Tablespoonful of Worcester-

shire sauce 1 Teaspoonful of mustard

2 Cupful of finely chopped celery

1/2 Cupful of water Salt and pepper

Brown the onion in the dripping, Sift and measure the flour and sift combine with the remaining ingredients, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat and simmer gently for about 20 minutes or until the flavors are well blended.

Place the sausages in a baking dish,



One coupon's worth of sausages cooked in a nippy barbecue sauce — something to remember!

Lamb Ring with Parsley Carrots cover with the sauce and bake in a mod-(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Minced lamb's as good as minced beef any day. Grand too, with potato balls, creamed cauliflower or diced turnips piled in the centre. All for

11/4 Pounds of lean stewing lamb from breast or flank

Small onion

Small green pepper

2 Tablespoonfuls of parsley

1 Egg, beaten

1 Cupful of milk or 1/2 cupful of canned evaporated milk and 1/2 cupful of water

1 Cupful of dry bread crumbs

11/8 Teaspoonfuls of salt

1/2 Teaspoonful of pepper

Cut any bone from the lamb and put meat through the food chopper with the peeled onion, the green pepper from which seeds are removed, and the parsley. Combine the beaten egg, milk, bread crumbs and seasonings and let stand for 10 minutes. Mix thoroughly with the meat mixture. Turn into a greased ring mold and bake in a moderate oven-350 deg. Fahr.-for one hour. Serve on a hot platter and fill the centre with cooked sliced carrots combined with chopped parsley and a little butter or cooking oil. Six servings.

erate oven-350 deg. Fahr.-for about 25 minutes, basting with the sauce as they cook. Or cook the sausages in the sauce in a heavy saucepan over low heat. Five servings.

Sausage Cobbler

(A Chatcleine Institute approved recipe) Pork sausage with apples is always a good bet. A top-ranking team fixed this way.

1¼ Pounds of sausages 2 Cupfuls of flour

31/2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

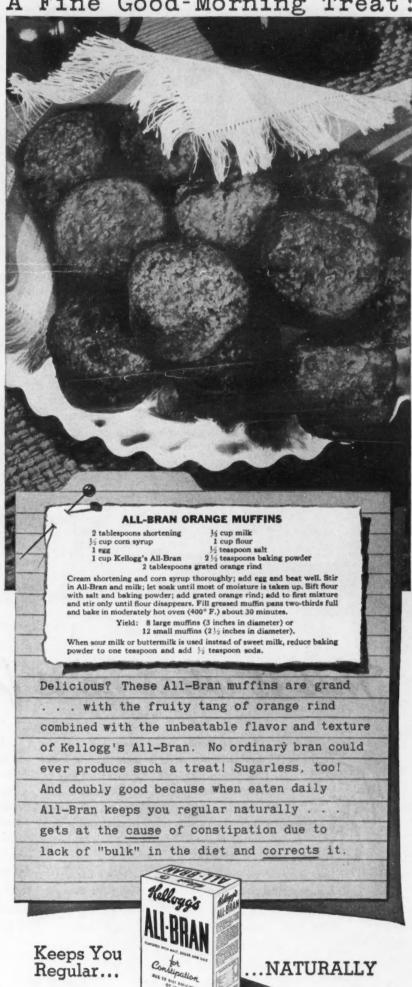
51/2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening 34 Cupful of milk or 3% cupful of

canned evaporated milk and % cupful of water

2-3 Medium-sized apples

Partially cook the sausages in a frying pan. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening with two knives then add the milk, mixing just enough to moisten the dry ingredients. Spread in a greased shallow baking dish. Peel the apples and cut in thin wedge-shaped pieces. Place the sausages in an even row on top of the dough and press in the apple slices between the sausages. Brush the apples with sausage fat and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. Fahr.) for 30 to 35 minutes or until the crust is brown and the apples tender. Five or six servings. 4

A Fine Good-Morning Treat!



Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada

"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"



1/2 Cupful of ready-cooked bran

1/2 Cupful of milk or 1/4 cupful of canned evaporated milk and 14 cupful of water

11/2 Cupfuls of flour

3 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

1 Teaspoonful of salt

1/3 Cupful of shortening 1 Pound of ground raw beef

1 Tablespoonful of scraped onion

14 Cupful of chili sauce

1 Teaspoonful of salt; pepper

Soak the bran in the milk. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Rub or cut in the shortening until the mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add the soaked bran and stir until a dough is formed. Turn onto a floured board, knead lightly and roll into a rectangle about 9 x 16 inches.

Combine the beef, onion, chili sauce, salt and pepper. Roll on a sheet of waxed paper to form a rectangle the size of the biscuit dough. Turn onto the dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Cut into 11/2-inch slices. Lay cut side down on a greased pan and bake in a moderately hot oven-425 deg. Fahr.about 30 minutes.

Pocket-Stuffed Lamb Flank

Lamb's in season now. One medium flank of lamb weighs about 11/4 pounds at a cost of one coupon. Ask your butcher to open the side for your stuffing fixin's and cut through the bone for easy carving.

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, fill the side pocket with stuffing and fasten with skewers or tie securely. Sprinkle the top with a mixture of flour and mustard and place in an open roasting pan. Cook in a moderate oven-325 to 350 deg. Fahr.—for one hour or until the lamb is tender. Remove the meat, drain off any excess fat and make gravy with the pan drippings. Five servings.

Oatmeal Stuffing

1/2 Cupful of rolled oats

Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs

1 Teaspoonful of salt

1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper 1 Teaspoonful of poultry

seasoning 1 Tablespoonful of chopped

onion

2 Tablespoonfuls of melted

dripping

4 Cupful of hot water

Mix the rolled oats, bread crumbs and seasonings, add the melted dripping and moisten with hot water.

For variety add:

1/3 to 1/2 cupful of chopped, cooked

liver or kidney.

Or any raw vegetable such as grated carrot or turnip, chopped celery or celery leaves, green pepper, parsley or mint leaves.

Or left-over chopped cooked vege-

Lamb Stew with Tomato Dumplings

(A Chatelaine Insti

Colorful tomato dumplings top this inexpensive but favorite old-timer. One coupon—6 servings.

11/4 Pounds of lamb breast or flank

3/4 Teaspoonful of salt

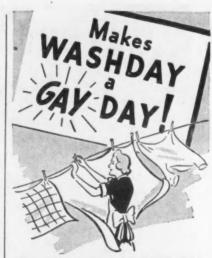
1/8 Teaspoonful of pepper

3/4 Tablespoonful of lamb fat or mild dripping

4 Small onions

4 Stalks of celery

1/2 Pound of fresh green beans (or 2 cupfuls of canned)



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Your home can have a share in Victory! Liquid Veneer will help you keep it gay-look-ing and smiling with brightness. A Canadian favourite for over A Canadian involute to over 50 years, — there's nothing quite like Liquid Veneer for keeping furniture and wood-work clean and

beautifully polished. And it is so easy to use! Your dealer has it; 25c



YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing



UR wartime slogan, "Take care of what you have," gives ample incentive to a home paint-up campaign this fall. Preservation of interior surfaces—walls, floors, woodwork and so on—is important from the long-range view of home investment, and it is equally essential in maintaining the clean bright good cheer of the

Any enthusiastic amateur can tackle an interior paint job, provided she (no manpower available these days!) is willing to give the project time and care. Paints and enamels of dependable quality are on the market in good supply. It pays to use high-grade products, of course, and it is equally important to choose the right type of finish for the effect desired. Don't forget, either, that reading and following the directions on the container is one good way of getting the best results for the time and money invested in the job.

There are several Do's and Don't's worth studying before tackling a home painting project. Careful preparation is essential, and I'll agree with anyone that this is often a dreary part of the program. But grit your teeth and stick to it, for the results will be worth the effort.

Preparing Surfaces: To be sure of perfect adhesion, make certain that all surfaces are clean and free from grease or foreign matter. Dissolve a handful of common washing soda in a half pail of warm water and thoroughly scour to remove all trace of grease, wax or furniture polish. Rinse with clear water and allow to dry. Look over the job-to-be-done carefully, and fill small cracks and holes in the woodwork with putty. (New woodwork should have a priming coat before applying putty.)

Sandpaper the surface to a smooth finish before applying your paint. If you are working on new wood and there appear to be knots, be sure to apply shellac over these areas.

Before painting plaster walls or ceilings, fill cracks or holes with plaster of Paris mixed to a heavy paste with water, to which a little glue size has been added. The addition of glue size to the mixing water prevents the plaster from hardening too rapidly, and allows time to stop up several small cracks and holes with the one process of mixing. Moisten the surface to be prepared with a wet brush before applying the new plaster.

DON'T paint over any new plaster until thoroughly dry.

Painting Woodwork: Apply a full coat of enamel undercoating and when it is thoroughly hardened apply (if a two-coat job) a finishing coat of eggshell or full gloss enamel as desired. DON'T fail to have sufficient coats of undercoating before applying enamel.

Plastered Walls: After lightly sandpapering surface, apply a full coat of good plaster surfacer tinted to the color required. You should allow this to stand 48 hours in order to ensure perfect hardening before applying your finish color, whether this is a flat or satin finish.

DON'T expect a permanent result if you apply an oil-bound paint on a surface previously papered or kalsomined. In such cases the old finish must be washed off, before proceeding as advised above for plastered walls.

Paint over Paper: Perhaps you have a room already papered but shabby, and would like to apply one of the easy-to-use casein or other water paints. Excellent idea, if you have made certain that the paper is adhering in perfect condition to the wall. If, however, you find the paper blistering and loosening from the wall, better change your plans. Sometimes, too, a wallpaper pattern featuring deep pinks and reds will bleed through the new finish.

When doing casein-painting over old paper, have the mixture preferably on the thin side. Work rapidly from ceiling to base, always keeping the edge of your join wet, so that it will merge nicely as you proceed to the next area.

Down on your Knees. A floor is one of the most satisfactory paint jobs for the amateur. You can do a solid color treatment, or how about painting stripes in two tones or contrasting colors? A plain rug thrown against this will give you a most attractive room base. For the youngster's room, you might like to work out a polka-dotted painted floor, using varied colors or a regular combination of two tones. In fact, you can paint your rug right on the floor, using a lovely floral motive, such as you find in some of our good

+ Continued on page 69





the effort it requires.

Below: Painting a polka-dotted floor by means of a stencil.

There's nothing quite like a fresh coat of paint to preserve home interiors and to keep a bright, cheerful atmosphere. Here are practical hints to help the lady-on-the-job.



This is what he is fighting for ...



That his family may be safe, and free; that their hurts may never be more than the minor casualties of play; that their happiness may be preserved; their way of life safeguarded. He has taken his place in the ranks that will battle for these things. He has been equipped with all that he needs, to win. To that he adds his own courage and determination.

But there is one great need in every soldier's life... something our men have said they want more than anything else...letters from home.

All of us have a great duty to our men who are away.

It is to write to them, often; to keep our letters gay; to avoid burdening them with our everyday troubles or griefs; to help them to be brave and valiant in the knowledge that we are with them; thinking of them; fighting for them in our own way. Even letters from pals are welcome . . . letters from home are treasures!

Make sure he gets those letters. Newsy letters, happy letters, cheerful letters, from you, and from every member of the family. He cannot get too many! They cannot be too cheerful!

You can do more than you think, this way . . . so write him, won't you?

Prepared by the MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

WRITE TO HIM TODAY ... Cheerfully!

(Published by this magazine as a service to our Overseas Forces)

PLUMBING IS PRECIOUS



KEEP DRAINS CLEAR OF CORRODING ACCUMULATIONS WITH GILLETT'S LYE

HARD to get plumbers these days difficult to find the parts. Best to take good care of drain-pipes. Keep them clear with Gillett's Lye so they flow freely. Just pour in.

Gillett's keeps toilet bowls stainless and sweet-smelling too, and it's no end of help with the heavy cleaning. Cuts through grease—scours pots and pans. Keep it handy!

MADE IN CANADA



FREE BOOKLET: Send to Standard Brands, Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont., for Free Gillett's Lye Booklet that shows ways to make housework easier, pleasanter.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

Christmas Card Agents SPARE TIME

Hundreds of individuals and organizations are piling up profits quickly showing the "Goodwili" Wartime Economy Box of twenty-four Christmas folders, with envelopes, for \$1.

Send one dollar for two sample boxes, thirty-six exquisitely beautiful folders you will be proud to mail.

Personal Military Cards for men and women in

Be the first in your district!
A. C. CHAPMAN
60 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.



Home paring of corns removes the top—but the core stays in your toe to act as a focal point around which the corn can develop again. But medicated Blue-Jay helps ease the pain—helps remove the corn as shown in the diagram. It works while you walk in comfort—costs only a few cents for each corn. At drug or toilet goods counters.

Home paring of "whittling" corns removes only the top—leaves core (A) in toe.



But Blue-Ja medicatio loosens corn so may be easily r

*Stubborn cases may need more than one application

BLUE-JAY

Paint and Preserve

Continued from page 67

Canadian hooked rug designs. For this treatment you will, of course, want to have a well-painted base color before putting patience and effort into the details of the design. Finish off with a good quality floor varnish and you'll find yourself possessed of an unusual floor which will "stand up" indefinitely.

THE NEW roller method of applying paint over walls and ceilings will not only make light work for the woman who does her own painting, but will solve the growing shortage of brushes.

And speaking of brushes, here are some hints to help you prolong the life of these precious tools. DON'T leave your brush standing on its bristles in a tin for any length of time. Make a small hole in the handle and run a skivver or length of wire through, and place this across the top of a paint pot into which you have put oil. When you have finished a paint job, wash brush carefully with soap and water, or turpentine, wrap well in heavy paper and leave lying flat.

Clean shellac brushes with alcohol or any good brush cleaner.

Clean water-paint brushes in water.
And here is a special DON'T. Please
don't put your small brushes too far
away, because next month I am planning
some special painting hints for your old
furniture.

Pointers for the Home

DON'T FORGET to keep carefully closed any tins of the paints you have been using. Label the color and mark for which room it was used. When the first rub occurs, you will be more than grateful at being able to "touch up" with all speed.

**

Care for your wallpaper just as conscientiously as you care for your furniture. Dust it regularly and if you haven't a long-handled brush, wrap a clean broom with a light cotton cloth or cheesecloth. Remove all pictures while doing this. Dark corners are usually caused by dust accumulation. This same treatment should be used regularly for painted walls.

**

When washing your enamelled walls, use mild soapsuds and a large sponge or soft cloth; work with a circular motion. Be careful to remove all suds with clear water, then dry with a clean cloth to avoid smudging.

**

Fuller's earth mixed into a paste with any good dry cleaner and applied to a grease spot on wallpaper will usually remove the spot. Leave paste on for several hours, brush lightly.

拉拉

If your picture frames stand out in an unbecoming manner when the paint job on the wall and woodwork is finished, use the same color as your wall and paint them out. If they are carved and you feel the need of depth of tone, antique them slightly with a cloth dipped in turpentine and umber. •



"IT'S SO DEPENDABLE. I always knew I was smart to get a Findlay range. But I'm only learning now just how smart I was. For now that we must all try to make our present ranges serve "for the duration", it's a double blessing to have a range that not only enables you to get the most out of the food you cook, but continues right along to give you the advantages of quick, easily controlled cooking."

Even more than for its streamlined beauty and convenience, the user of a Findlay today is grateful for the strong construction and sound workmanship that keep it "young" for so many years.

Your Findlay dealer can help you get the most from your range. Have him check it over for possible needed adjustments.



IF YOU NEED A NEW RANGE: Findlay de luxe models like the one shown above have been discontinued for the duration in compliance with the Government's metals conservation program. We are, however, authorized to make a limited number of "Wartime Models"—good, serviceable stoves, fully up to Findlay standards of quality. If your present stove is beyond repair, see the nearest Findlay dealer who will show you the models available.

FINDLAYS LIMITED

Carleton Place - - -

COAL AND WOOD RANGES . GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES . WARM AIR FURNACES . HEATERS

Confessions of a Prize-Winner's Wife!

I. Little Jim and I were thrilled the day Big Jim won that good-sized Victory Bond prize at the plant.

"Only foreman who never missed a day since the plant opened!" announced Jim. I have a feeling, somehow, that what I know about nutrition means a lot to that important wartime job of his.



2. "I've made a study of foods," I told Jim, "and my little family looks as if I had! Take canned foods, for instance. They're a grand source of pep-producing, energy-making nourishment that sticks to your ribs . . ."



3. "... they're 'sed-cooked' already to preserve their goodness, so I always take care just to heat them, for cooking them again would only cut down their food value and flavour.



4. "And h's smort to save the liquid or syrup that canned foods come in! Didn't you ever notice a certain special flavour in the soups and sauces and desserts that you're served at home?" "You bet I do!" says Jim, "it's unmistakable."

"Well, maybe it's because I save that liquid from canned foods—it's extrarich in food value. Now, is it any wonder you two are so husky?"



5. "Not at all!" he agrees. "There must be a lot in this right-eating business. I haven't missed a day at work in three years!"

"Don't you take all the bows for that, Jim! Remember, I spend a little time in making all the right foods look tempting, and I see to it that you and Jimmy keep fit by eating what the experts call 'properly-balanced' meals three times a day!"



This advertisement is contributed in the interests of Canada's Nutrition Programme by the American Can Company—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal; and American Can Company Limited, Vancouver—makers of food containers for nearly half a century and leaders in the field of nutritional research for 15 years.

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living

ATHEMATICS ahead for the man who stokes the furnace! This year it is estimated that every householder must save one ton out of every five tons of coal, to meet the national coal conservation program. The four million-ton gap in Canada's available supplies requires a 20% cut in national consumption, while an order of the Department of Munitions and Supply compels Ontario and Quebec householders to use soft coal for one quarter the amount of proved requirements, to provide fair distribution of hard coal.

To save coal. Insulation—of attic ceilings and outside walls—will be the most important plank in your coal conservation platform. There is a good supply of insulating materials on the market, and the thing to do is ACT NOW before the heating season begins.

Check up on air leakages around door and window frames. Caulking and weatherstripping will prevent escape of precious heat. Make sure that every window has its companion piece, a well-fitting storm window, ready to be put up when winter approaches.

If you had furnace trouble last year, or if there was a certain radiator "always cold," now is the time to call in a plumber or heating expert and have him check up. A clean furnace, efficient pipes and radiators will help you stretch fuel supplies.

Freeze your own! What the WPTB did on a national scale, thrifty housewives can do in their own domains. As you know, canned fruits and vegetables have been "frozen" during recent weeks when fresh supplies became abundant. Similarly, wise housekeepers will resist the temptation to open home-canned jars of fruits, etc., for the present, when large quantities of fresh garden things are available.

Color range. Dye-stuffs as well as the fabrics they color are important in the conservation picture. Experts say that the lighter the dyes, the farther they'll stretch, so, for fall, you can expect to see such tones as mocha, natural beige, soft blues, lime green and so on. Black will probably be scarce, so hang on to that good black dress left over from last season.

Overcoats. Seems the armed forces are pretty well supplied with textiles, so the diminishing demands for greatcoat fabric will mean more heavy coating available for civilians.

Bound for longer life. Bias tape prolongs the life of lingerie and dresses. There's a new WPTB order which limits width, but a range of sixteen colors is permitted in the manufacture of cotton or artificial silk bindings. As every home seamstress knows, a color contrast is better than a poor match in bias tape, and the wide choice of shades is a help.

Next the skin. There'll be plenty of rayon undies, but not so many fancy weaves, as a new order calls for simplification in pattern construction Knitted rayon lingerie will be limited to five process methods instead of twenty.

Precautionary. When it gets too chilly for lotion stockings, and you have to cast about for some new garters, you'll find that, instead of six to 40 patterns of garter fabric to choose from, there'll be just two and the fabric will come in two widths only.

Blanket coverage. Ottawa says there'll be plenty—perhaps not in the luscious color your heart is set on, but still made for warmth and washability.

Pin-up item. Clothespins are due for a slight increase in price—two thirds of a cent per dozen, to be exact. Reason: manufacturers unable to absorb the increased cost connected with the production of 190,000,000 clothespins per year.

Milk. Nary a drop to waste! Though our supply continues to flow evenly under the price ceiling, overseas demand for cheese and tinned milk keeps us neck-and-neck with production.

Fat of the land. We still have a long way to go to pile up the urgently required 35,000,000 pounds of waste fats before the year end. Must have it for glycerine, you know.

call a world horizon. For the nations of the Horizon ring the globe with as tolerant a comprehension of variety as the circumference of the earth itself. which binds together everything under the sun. One is a picture of living union proving itself superior to much admitted disagreement; the other, or Axis picture, is one of harsh, blank uniformity.

I do not doubt that a more adequate

religious conception underlies and shows itself in this difference. We have no great reason to think too well of ourselves; but as long as we clearly retain the conviction that society is something other and wider than the state, of which the state is but one organ, we need not worry whether this war (which we neither planned, prepared for nor started) has a meaning. As long as we deny that societies and the individuals in them exist on sufferance from the omnipotent State, we are recognizing that the final appeal is not to organized force, but to the conscience of men. However we may change the collective system, whatever planning we may do, if we hold fast to this conviction it means that we do not believe that any organized system of itself can make men whole; that a better world comes from better men, and better men from a right relation to God, Who alone has a

total claim to the entire love and loyalty of His creatures. As long as a man can arise and call his nation and government to repentance for wrongdoing, that nation is Christian in no merely formal or conventional sense. In the totalitarian state this would be as unthinkable as to publish a cartoon of the dictator.

Finally, the current revival of religion should give us good heart for the future. Alarmed contemporary naturalists (that is roughly, people who think that everything real must be visible and tangible) have called it "The New Failure of Nerve"—a curiously inappropriate coining when applied to peoples who have suffered so much and performed such prodigies of production, resistance and combat, and are now grimly and with no false glory sure of victory. Far from having lost their nerve, it seems to me that these peoples by recovering their heritage of faith, are preparing to go on into the unpredictable future beyond victory in the only way that inspires real confidence. Maybe these natural-ists should meditate the motto of the medieval saint and hero, Alexander Nevsky, whose career has been given such prominence in the U. S. S. R.: "God is not found in power, but in justice." 4

Education Looks Ahead :: Continued from page 13

shopwork and domestic science-from which selections may be made according to the proclivities of the individual students. The hope of the school men is that from any reasonably well-rounded program abilities may be assessed which will serve as a criterion to admission to higher studies, whether in university, normal school, technical college or agricultural college.

To date the universities have not completely accepted the situation. Special subjects are essential for special professional courses, and the universities have no option. But the probability is that universities will come to the position where any able high school student who has completed a good high school course will be accepted for entrance, and special tuition will be provided at the university in the subjects which may be required as prerequisites for the studies which he intends to pursue. If this integration between school and university is to be achieved, the high school course must retain real disciplinary values, in order that the mental qualities of the student may be thoroughly tested. The danger is always present that with fairly wide options the disciplinary quality may disappear.

TWO THINGS are necessary in order that education may be effective against the better day for which we are working. No boy or girl should be held back, because of lack of means, from the kind of education for which he is fitted; and the special abilities of all pupils should be determined early in high school, or even before, in order that they may be directed into the right kind of education, and later into the right kind of life work. We are losing some of our best ability today because parents lack the means to send the gifted boys and girls to the university or the college. Particularly is this so among farming communities.

High ability is rare; it should be carefully husbanded for the needs of the

public services. Other countries are wiser in this matter than Canada has We cannot begin too soon to remedy this situation. It is encouraging to note that both the federal and provincial authorities have recognized the problem, and are taking the first steps to meet the need. But we have far to go before we are on a level with Britain, with Australia, with New Zealand, or with Russia in the provision of scholarships for needy and able students. It is the weakest spot in Canada's wall of defense which education can build against incomplete living.

It is becoming more urgently necessary, too, to find out what the special aptitudes of young people are, in order that they may play their part most effectively in the making of a living and in their social relationships and responsibilities. The only effective resource of a country is its people. Through their abilities our material wealth is made available, and to the extent only to which these abilities have been fitted

into the task.

Every man and woman, every boy and girl, has special abilities. They can be developed by the right kind of education. They can make their own contribution in our social and economic There is a feeling of satisfaction when the job fits the man. With the right guidance, and the right kind of education, it should be possible to fit the man to the position, and the position to the man. This can be done only through a system of skilful testing, selective education and vocational guidance. But it can be done. If we wish to play the part in the world that Canada, in her position, in her resources, and in the quality of her people seems destined to we must see to it that every Canadian is making his own special contribution in his own special way. This is our challenge. Those who have to do with education will not be satisfied until they have met it. .



Saves you work...but also saves your things!

It's true that Bon Ami makes quick work of dirt. But more than that! It makes your sink and bathtub easier to keep clean. For Bon Ami doesn't rely on coarse grit for its effectiveness . . . doesn't mar your porcelain with tiny scratches that catch and hold the dirt, making it harder and harder to clean. Besides, Bon Ami is so easy and pleasant to use. Keeps your things so bright and polished-looking. Just use this safe cleanser regularly





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TIRED? EYES



TWO DROPS



QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



SOOTHES . CLEANSES . REFRESHES

CORNS GO -while YOU carry on! Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly Othe 1. Sends pain flying 2. Quickly remo

TOSE no time these precious days! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your misery from corns and gently remove them—while you carry on! Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful pressure; make you truly foot-happy. NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toilet Goods Counters. Cost but a trifle,

D! Scholl's Zino pads

A Better World Continued from page 13

freedom, or the moral demand for justice, may be more important than the satisfaction of dire physical needs. Dutchmen and Greeks know that if they went over wholeheartedly in a body to the Nazi side they would get favored treatment, yet even in the darkest days they resisted, and still resist. Of course man has a deep urge to keep on living, but he has a still deeper notion that if he can't live a good life, merely staying alive is not worth what it costs

This is a very remarkable thing: man can and does lay down the terms on which he is willing to survive. In whatever region of spirit this occurs, it always points back to the religious need for wholeness, from which it will be found to spring. So, however extravagant it may seem at first to say that the deepest need and true longing of the human heart is for God, it may be nothing more than a sober statement of fact.

THREE SPECIAL conclusions are worth noting. First, if man is by nature a religious being, he can no more escape the effort to fill this need than he can withdraw from economic life, or from society, from the enterprise of knowledge, and the rest. The attempt to do so will be disastrous. We have been told of the dangers of repressing the needs of the body, and disapprove on principle of asceticism-though it is true that events have brought back fasting, that sackcloth may be just around the corner, and that we no longer think these things so unreasonable. The point is that the ascetic is not a man who is indulging himself in some perverse way by "mortifying the flesh," he is just the man who is clearly aware of this other and greater danger, the danger of mortifying the spirit by indulging the flesh. The athlete in training, the rationed citizen in wartime may, but surely need not, go neurotic about food; but where men generally and for long enough deny that they have any need to be made whole, regarding religion as an outworn fable, they are really asking for trouble. Starved and thwarted of its true object and goal, this need will devise some sinister substitute to worship, some counterfeit God; when the Moloch, for instance, turns out to be the "totalitarian" state, the trouble is ready to break.

The emphases in this state all reveal that it is such a substitute: total subordination of society and individual alike to a centralized political power mechanism; the myth that man obtains complete self-realization by total surrender to the State. It is no accident that Wotan has been resurrected in Germany, and the primitive racial myths of a tribal age, or that the Leader is worshipped as superhuman; for to abandon an advanced and intelligent form of religion is not to escape religion, is just to relapse into older and debased forms.

A second point. On one side of this struggle are the nations which, by their own choice of a name, the "Axis," show how they think of themselves as a rigid axle-pole around which the whole world is to revolve. On the other are the nations banded together in what, if we chose a similar fancy term, we might



Unsanitary film collects constantly in toilet bowls. Toilet germs may lurk there. But don't worry. You can clean away both film and germs quickly and easily—without rubbing or scrubbing. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week. Removes stains, incrustations and a cause of toilet odors. No need for a cleanser plus a disinfectant when you use Sani-Flush for toilet sanitation.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. Used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes.

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If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, back-ache, weakness, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances—
Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This well known liquid not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is because of the soothing effect of its effective roots and herbs on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IM-PORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly — Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported many benefits, Also a fine stomach tonic, Worth trying! Made in Canada.



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Curity layettecloth NURSERY PADS

These remarkably modernized pads are easier to wash—open weave permits complete cleansing without scrubbing. Dry twice as fast as old-fashioned pads—surgical Layettecloth is woven to let air in. Highly absorbent—unhealthful puddling prevented... moisture distributed evenly over entire surface and quickly absorbed. Soft and comfy—grow even softer with washings... no filler to get lumpy or soggy. Use them, too, for bath blankets...lap pads...bubbling bibs...draft protectors...night diapers. Two sizes—Small (17"x 18"), Medium (18"x 30").



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Division of
The Kendall Company (Canada) Limited
LEASIDE, TORONTO, CANADA

10 a.m. feeding instead of his usual nursing. Two days later give him two bottles, one at 10 a.m. and one at 6 p.m. He is nursed at the other three feedings. After another two-day interval bottles are given at 10 a.m., 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. Then the 2 p.m. nursing can be replaced by a bottle and finally the 10 or 11 p.m. one. Often at nine months you can wean baby directly to a cup, provided you have taught him before this to drink from it. Sometimes a breast-fed infant refuses point blank to take milk from a bottle. Then he has to be weaned suddenly, which is worse both for him and for you, and you should certainly consult your physician before under-taking this. How can you avoid this difficulty? Babies under four months of age take bottle or breast equally readily; it is only the older infants who object to bottles when they are not used to them. Therefore you should train your baby during his first four months to take a bottle occasionally, say once or twice a week. If you keep this up until it is weaning time, you will have much less difficulty in weaning him.

When baby wants to hold his own bottle, let him—although you will probably have to help him to some extent. When he gets his first teeth, give him some hard but not brittle toast or zweiback to chew after one of his feedings. Teeth are made to chew with, right from the start.

Train him to use a cup, starting not later than 10 months of age—earlier if he is willing. Use a small light cup, one that holds only three or four ounces. (A brightly colored one will catch his interest.) Give him only a teaspoonful in it at first to make it easier, but increase the amount quickly as he becomes proficient. When you have taught him to take three or four ounces of milk from his cup, give him all his milk for one meal by cup and don't let him have a bottle at all that time. Then use the cup for another meal, and as soon as he drinks well from a cup, discard the bottles entirely. Never let him backslide to his bottles again. Babies who are allowed too long to use a bottle often refuse solids altogether and then you are in for many troubles, including anaemia.

AT ABOUT 12 to 14 months he should start learning to use a spoon. Make it plain at the beginning that it is to eat with and not a toy as that will reduce the banging about and spilling. No matter when you start, there will always be some spillage so that is no reason to delay. A short-handled light spoon is easier for him to manage. Put it in his hand and show him how to use it. As an infant of this age tries to put most things into his mouth he soon gets the general idea. Fairly thick foods like porridge and mashed potatoes are good ones to practice on. Meals are much more interesting to him when he feeds himself. By two years of age he should be able to eat neatly with a spoon.

At about this age he can begin with a fork. It, too, should have a short handle and the prongs should be sharp enough to impale the food. You can teach him to be careful with the prongs. At four or five years of age he can learn to use a dull knife for buttering his bread. Later on he can be given a sharper knife, but he will not be able to cut his food properly with it until he is seven or eight years

From the beginning he should be dis-

How much weight should a civilian carry?

In the picture above, you can readily see that the soldier is carrying a substantial burden—equipment which weighs some 43 pounds. What you may not realize is that the civilian carries an equally heavy burden—a burden of overweight which he carries around day and night, in contrast with the soldier who can put aside his pack and rifle when he rests.

It's an unfortunate fact that excessive fat places a great deal of extra work on the heart, kidneys, and lungs—work from which there is no relief. That is why overweight can be a threat to health. Figures show that people over 45 who are 20% overweight have a death rate 50% above the average.

What causes excessive weight? Sometimes it is due to glandular disturbances. The most common causes are too much food, and not enough exercise.

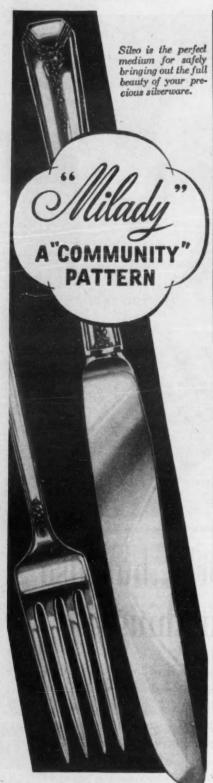
When the body gets more food than it needs for its work, the excess is stored as fat. If less is eaten than is required, the body loses weight by burning some of its reserve fatty tissue. Exercise hastens the process, but by itself is seldom effective. This gives us the principle often used in planning programmes to reduce weight.

If you are overweight and want to reduce to your "fighting" weight, you will be wise to start by having your doctor examine you thoroughly. With his advice, a diet can be planned which in normal cases will cause a moderate, steady loss in weight and at the same time adequately protect your health. Exercise, fitted to your age, condition, and occupation, will round out the programme.

Avoid the use of reducing drugs except on the doctor's advice. Girls in their 'teens should especially avoid "fad" diets or the risk of reducing on their own responsibility.

To help those interested in watching their weight, Metropolitan offers a free booklet entitled, "Overweight and Underweight." Among other things it contains information about low-calorie diets and helpful exercises





Gleaming silverware adds so much to the gracious invitation of a table set for guests! But it may be a long time before your treasured pieces could be replaced. So guard them carefully, be sure to use the polish which the makers of your silver ware recommend—Silvo, the gentle, quick and safe polish.



Child Health Clinic ...

Training Our Children..

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.



When he gets his first teeth, give him some hard but not brittle toast after one of his feedings.

assuming his rightful share of responsibility. The best we can do is to watch the child for any signs of readiness to be trained. When he shows these we should start training him.

The following table shows you roughly how children develop. The preliminary stages are listed in their order of appearance. The useful habit learned and the approximate age at which your child should acquire it are shown in brackets.

1. Regularity of bowel movement, straining, grunting (bowel training, 8-10 months).

2. Holding bottle, drinking orange juice from cup (use of cup, 9-12 months).

3. Pulling at diaper, whimpering, sitting alone (bladder training, 15-18 months).

4. Putting fingers in food, banging spoon (self-feeding, 12-14 months).

5. Pulling off shoes and stockings (undressing and dressing, 18 months).
6. Playing in sand and water (washing

18 months).
7. Pleasure in routine, neatness (puts

away clothes and toys, 2 years).
8. Climbing, swinging, sliding (riding

bicycle and roller skating, 4 years).

9. Making letters, spells name, picks out letters (reading, 6 years).

ONE OF the first difficulties encountered is that of weaning a breast-fed infant. If you have been able to nurse your baby successfully—and that is best for baby if you are in good health—he should be weaned at eight or nine months of age. Gradual weaning is much the best. In this method his nursings are, one by one, replaced by bottles. On the first day a bottle containing a suitable formula as prescribed by your doctor should be given at his



Train him to use a cup, starting not later than 10 months of age.

Baby's Own
is the
SOAP
for
YOU



Mothers know that only the best is good enough for baby. That's why they choose Baby's Own Soap. Pure, gentle and soothing, it's especially blended to safeguard baby's tender skin. For generations, mothers have had confidence in this fine quality soap. They know that when they buy for baby—the best is always an economy.





At about 12 to 14 months he should start to use a spoon.

TF OUR children were standard models or machine-made articles, we wouldn't have any training problems. We could all use the same training techniques at the same ages, and success would be sure to follow. But children aren't like that. They are all different, and you have to study your child intelligently and constantly in order to train him in the best possible way.

When our babies are young we are a little afraid of the training program ahead of us. They have so much to learn—how to feed themselves, how to wash, how to dress and undress, and how to develop toilet and other useful habits. Of course we want them to learn these habits so that they can look after the needs of their bodies with the expenditure of the least amount of effort and time. Honesty, perseverance, courtesy and many of the other virtues are also largely habits, and we should not neglect to train them in these also.

As our infants grow older their brains and nerves develop and they learn to control and move various parts of their anatomy. We want to train them to hold a cup, to use a spoon and do other useful things as soon as they are able. It would be so simple if we could do this according to the child's age, but we can't because some children are much more advanced than others of the same age. If we start too soon, the child is discouraged and may lose confidence in himself, especially if we express our disappointment. If we delay too long on the other hand, the child remains babyish and that will work against his fitting in later on with his playmates and



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A Hint For Buby's Buth—Be sure to cleanse all folds and creases in baby's skin with soap and water. And when drying again pay particular attention to folds and creases to avoid irritation.



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What They've Found Out About Us

Continued from page 54

officers more quickly with bruises and small ailments than men will. They're great believers in the iodine bottle.

One of the big problems facing dietitians in plants and camps is to teach women to eat for health and the job, rather than with an eye to shadowy figure proportions. However, well-prepared food at low cost is meeting this need, and it's the mother at home, the worst fed member of the family by recent surveys, who will be learning from her sister or daughter at work.

WE'RE ETERNALLY feminine. Ninety-nine-point-nine-nine-nine women out of a hundred want to look attractive. Maybe you don't think that matters in this story, but it has caused more grey hairs and night-long conferences of big businessmen and officers in the armed services than anyone would have dreamed possible.

In a recent survey through all branches of the women's armed services, the uniform took on tremendous importance; you'd be amazed at the number of girls who had joined one particular branch because they liked the uniform; or who found their life less pleasant than they had hoped because they didn't like some feature of the outfit. So big is this point, in fact, that the armed forces have finally given permission to women in the services to wear civvies on leave, and have spent long hours with designers fixing the line of a skirt here and the slant of a hat there.

The same applies in munition plants. Overalls and coveralls, thought the top man in many factories, are a must for women on this job. They thought they could specify that, and let it go. But today the biggest plants have designed very slick uniforms that are figure-flattering as well as functional.

WILL THE women workers go back home when it's over?

Production heads are agreed that at least 85% of them want to. But they say it's up to You, the Public, whether they do.

If you accept them as a normal, natural part of your town or city or neighborhood, if you consider them simply as women who happen to be away from their homes while working to help win the war—if you help to see that they get decent living places, decent food, a chance to have their children cared for—they'll slip back easily into home life.

But if you isolate them and set them apart as "those women," they may not. You can be as patriotic about it as you like.

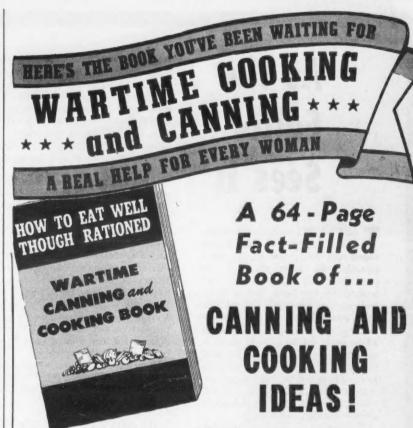
You had also better be selfish about it, in the opinion of many plant managers. It's as simple as two and two make four. Manpower plus womanpower equal warpower.

As Mrs. Rex Eaton, Director of

As Mrs. Rex Eaton, Director of Women's Division, National Selective Service, said recently:

"The contribution women have made in this war calls for a rehabilitation program of no less foresight and magnitude than that given to men.

"Women who are standing side by side with men in war should stand side by side with men in peace." •



Just off the press! A brand new up-to-the-minute cooking and canning guide which shows you in simple A.B.C. fashion how to preserve fruits, meats, and vegetables from your own Victory Garden, to replace the unobtainable canned goods.

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couraged from putting his fingers into After the age of two he can begin to learn the rudiments of table manners. It is best to let him eat his meals by himself, although he needs a fair amount of supervision in order to learn how to behave properly. It is a good plan to let him eat occasionally with the family, so that he can see how older people behave at meals and how they enjoy their food. The age at which he gets promoted to eating regularly with his elders depends on the family's household arrangements. Often at the age of five or six he will be ready for this. If, however, he can't concentrate enough on his meals or plays to the gallery too much when at the family table, he will have to go back to eating at his own little table.

There are three ways in which we can help our children learn. First, they are very open to suggestion, so we can talk up what they are learning to do. Second they love to imitate other people, especially older ones, and this helps them learn how to do things. (Of course it's up to us to set them a good example.) And finally they much enjoy praise, so when they succeed, even though imperfectly, we should let them see that their efforts are appreciated.

Your Question Box

Question—I would like to know whether my little girl, who is 11 months old, is at the age for whooping cough toxoid. I have been told by people that it rots the teeth when the child is so young and that it should not be done until the child is two years old. Is there any truth in this?—Mrs. L. B., Toronto.

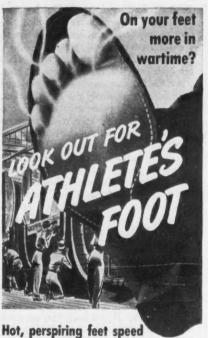
Answer- It is much the best to have children given whooping cough inoculations when they are between 6 and 12 months old, as your daughter is, because whooping cough can be an extremely serious disease in children under two years of age. They are much more prone to develop pneumonia after whooping cough than older children. Therefore it is particularly important to give the injections early. You can rest assured that they will have no bad effect on the child's teeth or health, or growth and development. They are absolutely harmless. I hope that you will by all means have your child immunized against whooping cough. .

Staff Sergeant Sharon Lets Down Her Hair

Continued from page 48

as they walked on down the street. She held her hat in her hand. It had been rescued from the gutter too. The pins had fallen from her hair and the mist transformed it into a thousand curls and ringlets. She felt it sweep across her shoulders. It was against regulations but she couldn't help it, could she? Surreptitiously she bit her lips just as she had done in the days before mother let her wear lipstick.

Tim shook her gently. "You crazy kid. You ought to watch where you're going. You might have been badly hurt." He caught sight of the town hall clock and stared at its blurred jumble of



the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi!

Naturally your feet perspire more in hot summer weather—especially with wartime's extra walking! And it is this perspiration which irritates the skin, often cracking it wide open. Then the everpresent fungi which cause Athlete's Foot get in, through those raw open cracks and attack the flesh itself. Skin flakes off in dull, whitish patches. Toes get red, itch like fury—you've got Athlete's Foot!



Examine the skin between your toes tonight! At the first sign of raw, open cracks, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr. Use full strength and repeat night and morning.



I. Absorbine Jr. Is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.

2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.

3. It dries the skin between the toes.

It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
 It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Athlete's Foot is serious—can cost you days of work! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., 286 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, Que.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

from your

DRUGGIST

Today

hands and numerals. "Say, what time is that anyhow?"

"No one tries to tell time by that clock. It's just a sort of municipal ornament." She conculted her own watch. "A quarter of eight."

"What rotten luck. We've only a few minutes left."

"I'll go to the station," she offered, "and see you off."

"Sure you feel up to it?" He tucked her hand under his arm and smiled down at her. "You know, you're even prettier than I remembered."

They stood on the brick platform in front of the station waiting for his train to come in. Tim held her hand. "This hasn't been much of a visit. But maybe the next time . . ."

"Is there going to be a next time?" she asked softly.

"Never doubt it, Becky. I don't know where or when, but I'll manage it. Someone's got to look after you."

They could see the glaring white light of the express wigwagging down the track. The train master was bawling a string of unintelligible names.

"That's it," Tim said. "Now, goodby, honey. Try to take care of yourself. Don't go wandering around the streets alone, and when you leave here go right back to the fort. Write me at least once a week so I won't be worrying about you." He took off his hat and shifted his raincoat to the other arm. He glanced around the station. A porter, three sailors and a dozen other assorted bystanders had their eyes upon him. Boldly he took Elizabeth in his arms and kissed her. It was a long purposeful kiss.

He held her at arm's length and looked her over, from her glistening curls to the shining leather of her shoes. "Becky," he said, "I want you to know I'm pretty proud of you." He touched the three stripes on her sleeve. "It isn't 'kids playing soldier' stuff, is it?"

"No," she said, and her face was as sober as his own. "It's the biggest and most important thing I've ever done."

"After your officer's training, Becky. Where will you go then?" "I don't know," she said. "Almost

"I don't know," she said. "Almost anywhere. I might be sent overseas." She heard the sharp intake of his breath and she hastened on. "But Tim, it won't be for always. Some day this will be over and I'll be on my way home again."

"You know, Becky," Tim said, "I'm beginning to like you in that outfit. It doesn't seem so strange now. But even so, I still like you best in ruffles."

Elizabeth laughed. "When I get back home," she promised, "I'll get the ruffliest dress you ever saw. Any kind you say. Pink or green or blue."

"How about white?" he said swiftly. "White satin with a veil and orange blossoms."

"Oh, Tim," she whispered. "Oh, darling." His cheek was hard against her own.

She waved after the vanishing train. Then she stepped behind a corner of the station. Deftly she twisted her hair into a neat roll and fastened it with spare hairpins from her bag. She set her cap on her head, wiped the happy tears from her eyes, straightened her tie, raised her chin and strode off down the street in a manner belitting Staff Sergeant Sharon of the smartest company in the Canadian Women's Army Corps. 4

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As the Editor Sees It

AST NIGHT we had our first ride in a woman-driven bus. It was rush hour, and in the usual scramble for seats most of the passengers had paid their fare and pushed to the back before quite realizing that something different had been added. But as the big bus eased carefully away from the curb, all eyes were staring straight ahead at the froth of curls under the cap and the slim shoulders in the driver's seat. For a few minutes there was complete silence among the crowd, until the first shock, palpable as an electric current, spent itself.

Then a man standing near the back nudged his neighbor. "She handles it all right," he said. The other nodded agreement. "Smooth on the starts and stops," he replied, and turned happily to the latest news from the Orel sector.

Not a word, mind you, about "women drivers." Not a single smart - alec comment, nor a wiscguy smile. Within a half - dozen blocks the old tradition had given place to the new, and thirty or forty citizens had settled back, tired and relaxed, and quite content to accept the change-over as right and proper. But there was more to it than that. One sensed suddenly a new respect and comradeship be-tween the sexes. The old tedious attitude of the comic strip and the vaudeville stage - the man vs. woman argument, with raw humor interlarded - be-

came, in a revealing flash to us at least, as extinct as the pterodactyl. The two men had said in effect: Here is a woman proving herself worthy of our confidence; here is a capable pair of hands (nicely nail-polished, too), a quick cool judgment; here is an essential job being well done-and what's funny about that?

WE HOPE some of those bright college girls, soon to troop back for the fall term, will write a thesis on

What War Has Done to Improve the Status of Canadian Women. (An awkward title, but that, after all, is the time-honored privilege of theses.) If one could stand far enough back to keep the historian's detached point of view, yet still bring the march of events into the exciting sharp focus they deserve, what a prize-winner that would be!

If you try hard, you may be able to remember 1939, pre-war. The term "womanpower" had yet to be coined. Debs were planning their local whirls. There wasn't a woman in Canada, we venture, who knew how to manipulate a welding tool; not one who had ever entered a shipyard as a worker. Nurses in the urban centres had suffered from spasmodic unemployment. In many cities the prejudice against married women holding jobs as active and powerful. It was difficult for any woman over 35 to crash the business world. The arbitrary line of demarcation between the tasks that women could perform and those considered unsuitable was clear to all.

THIS MONTH we begin our fifth year of war. It could be the opening of the final and conclusive phase-if each of us made full use of this warwon emancipation of womanpower; if we grasped the new opportunities to



This photograph of Jack Keay, favorite Chatelaine artist, was procured after years of editorial persuasion. Modest fellow that he is, Jack is nevertheless one of the few top-ranking illustrators working in this country today. Here you see him putting the finishing touches on a poster design for the three women's services: for his artistic way with the CWAC's, turn to Pages 10-11

work and serve; if we resolved to resist the temptation to slacken and sit back in high complacency as the news from the fighting fronts gets better. This year, indeed, will offer the biggest challenge in our total war for total victory. To meet it nothing that falls short of total effort by total womanpower will be good

Mary. Ella Mach her son

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Chatelaine

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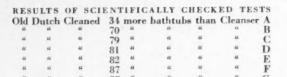
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